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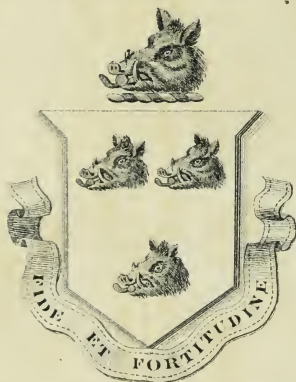
Accessions

157.609

Shelf No.

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*Thomas Pennant Barton.*

**Boston Public Library.**

*Received, May, 1873.*

*Not to be taken from the Library.*



6055 Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, FIRST EDITION, *wanting the title*, £2 2s 4to, 1620

\*\*\* This edition varies very materially from those printed afterwards. It is of so great rarity that the late Mr. Malone paid £26..5s. for his copy.

*Phylaster, or Love lyes a Bleeding*, first edition, with the date cut off, EXTREMELY RARE, T. Walkley, 1620

second impression, corrected and amended, - T. Walkley, 1622

"This Edition not in Pearson's, or Dod's, or Wright's. For the first Edition, 1620, Kemble paid 24l. at Reed's Sale against Mr. Malone." Note by Mr. Heber.

45 ——— *Philaster, or Love lies a bleeding. Acted at the Globe and Black Friars. The sixth impression, 4to, half red moracco* N.D. 5s.

Considered one of the best Plays by these authors. Autograph Notes and an Index by Mr. Mitford.

John Walker  
1862.  
p. 113



Mitford. 1824.

Nov. 1825.

See Baker's Biog. Dram: vol. ii. p. 220. . . 2d. pr. 1822. "The first  
piece that brought these authors into any considerable  
estimation: and is considered as, one of the most capital of their  
Plays". . .

See Abbot's Lives of the Poets. vol. 1. p. 155.

The defect in the Plot of Phœbe appears to be, that the <sup>improvements</sup>  
(better) of the most deserving & affecting characters of the whole  
is dismissed without reward.

Philaster is a Shakespearean  
Book. The first Edition is dated  
1620 (See Shakespeare Bibliography, page  
309). In the mean time / although I  
prefer ~~this~~ earlier edit. than the present  
one / this is placed here on account  
of Mifford's MS. references.

# PHILASTER

O R,

Love lies a Bleeding :

Acted at the { *Globe,* } By his Majesties  
                  { and } servants.  
                  { *Black-friers,* }

The Authors { *Francis Beaumont,* }  
                  { and } Gent.  
                  { *John Fletcher,* }

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The sixth Impression.

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L O N D O N, *m*

Printed for *William Leake*, and are to be sold at his shop at the  
signe of the Crown in *Fleetstreet*, between the two  
Temple Gates.

Books Printed or sold by William Leake, at the sign of the Crown in Fleetstreet, between the two Temple-gates.

**Y**orks Heraldry, fol.

A bible of a very fair large Roman Letter, 4.

Orlando Furioso. fol.

Callis learned readings on the Statute 21.

H. 8. Cap. 5. of Sewers.

Perkins on the Laws of England.

Wilkinsons Office of Sheriff. 8.

The book of Fees.

Parsons Law. 8.

Mirror of Justice. 8.

Topicks in the Laws of England. 8.

Skene de significatione verborum. 4.

Delamans use of the Horizontal Quadrant.

Mathematical Recreations.

Wilbys second Set of Musick, 3, 4, 5, and 6 parts. 4.

Corderius in English. 8.

Dr. Fulk's Meteors.

Mathus Artificial Fireworks.

Nyes Gunnery and Fireworks.

Cao Major with Annotations, by William Austin Esquire.

Mel Heliconium, by Alex. Ross. 8.

Nosce te ipsum, by Sir John Davis. 8.

Animadversions on Lillies Grammar. 8.

The History of Vienna and Paris.

The History of Lazarillo de Tormes

Hero and Leander, by George Chapman, and Christopher Marlow.

Mayer's Catechism 8.

Exercitatio Scholastica

Bishop Andrews Sermons.

Adams on Peter

Posing of the Accidence

Anadis de Gaule

Gulliams Heraldry. fol.

Herberts Travels. fol.

Boccas Tables

Man become guilty, by John Francis Senault, and Englished, by Henry Earl of Monmouth.

The Idiot in four books, first, and second, of Wisdom, third of the mind; fourth, of the experience of the ballance.

The Life and Raig of Hen. 8. by the Lord Herbert. fol.

Aula Lucis, or the house of Light.

The Fort-Royal of holy Scriptures, or a new Concordance of the chief heads of Scripture, by J. H.

A Tragady written by the most learned Hugo Grotius, called CHRISTUS PATIENS) and translated into English by George Sandys.

The Mount of Olives, or Solitary Devotions, by Henry Vaughan Sylurist, with an excellent Discourse of the blessed estate of Man in Glory: written by the most Reverend and holy Father Anselm A. ch. bishop Canterbury.

The description and use of the double Horizontal Dyall, by W. O. whereunto is added the description of the General Horological Ring.

The Rights of the People concerning Impositions, stated in a learned Argument. by a late eminent Judge of this Nation.

France painted out to the life, the second Edition.

The Garden of Eden, both parts; or an accurate description of Flowers, and Fruits now growing in England. by Sir-Hugh Plat, Knight.

Le Prince et Amour, or the Prince of Love, With a collection of several Ingenious Poems and Songs, by the Wits of the Age. 8.

Exercitatio Scholastica.

Book of Martyrs. fol.

Willst. on Genesis and Exodus.

### PLAYES.

The Wedding.

Philaster.

The Hollander.

The Merchant of Venice.

The strange discovery.

Maids Tragedy.

King and no King.

Othello the Moor of Venice.

The grateful servant.

Henry the fourth.

Tragedy of Hoffman.





# THE STATIONER

To the understanding

GENTRY.

**T**His Play so affectionately taken, and approved by the seeing Auditors, or Hearing Spectators (of which sort I take or conceive you to be the greatest part) hath received (as appears by the copious vent of four Editions, no less acceptance with improvement of you, likewise the Readers; albeit the first Impression swarm'd with errors, proving it selfe, like pure Gold, which the more it hath been tryed and refined, the better is esteemed; the best Poems of this kind in the first presentation, resembling that all tempting Minerall newly digged up, the Actors being onely the labouring Miners, but you the skilfull Triers and Refiners: Now consider how currant this hath passed under the infallible stamp of your judicious censure, and applause, and (like a gainfull Office in this age) eagerly sought for, not onely by those that have seen it, but by others that have meerly heard thereof: here you behold me acting the Merchant-adventures part, yet as well for their satisfaction as mine own benefit, and if my hopes (which I hope, shall never lie like this Love a Bleeding,) do fairly arrive at their intended Haven, I shall then be ready to lade a new Bottome, set forth again, to gain the good will both of you and them. To whom respectively I convey this hearty greeting: Adieu.





## The Scene being in *Cicilie*.

*The persons presented are these, viz.*

**T**He King.

PHILASTER, Heir to the Crown.

PHARAMOND, Prince of *Spaine*.

DION, a Lord.

CLIREMONT } Noble Gentlemen his Associates.

THRASILINE }

ARETHUSA, the Kings daughter.

GALATEA, a wise modest Lady attending the Princeesse.

MEGRA, a lascivious Lady.

And old wanton Lady, or croan.

Another Lady attending the Princeesse.

EUFRAZIA, Daughter of *Dion*, but disguised like a Page, and called *Bellarion*.

An old Captain.

Five Citizens.

A Countrey fellow.

Two Woodmen.

The Kings Guard and Train.

These Books are lately come forth, and are to be sold by *William Leake*, at the Crown in *Fleetstreet*, between the two Temple Gates.

The Solemne League and Covenant,  
Arraigned and. Condemned, &c. by  
*Lawrence Womack*, now D.D. and  
Arch-deacon of *Suffolk*.

*Amorea*, the Lost Lover, or the Idea of  
Love and Misfortune, being never  
before printed, written by *Patherick  
Fenly*, Gent.

An exact Abridgment of the Records  
in the Tower of *London*, from the  
Reign of *K. Edward the second*, to  
*K. Richard the third*, of all the Par-  
liaments holden in each Kings  
raign, and the several Acts in every

Parliament, by *Sir Robert Cotton*, Kt.  
and Baronet.

A learned Exposition of the Apostles  
Creed, delivered in several Ser-  
mons by *William Nicholson* Arch-  
deacon of *Breton*, and now Lord  
Bishop of *Glocester*.

The Result of false Principles, or Er-  
ror Convicted by its own Evidence,  
managed in several Dialogues, by  
the Author of the *Examination of  
Tylennus* before the Tryers; whereun-  
to is added a learned Disputation  
of *Dr. Goades*.

*Philaster*



# X P H I L A S T E R,

O R

## Love lies a Bleeding.

*Actus I. Scena I.*

*Enter Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline:*

*Cleremont.*

**H**ere's not Lords, nor Ladies.

*Dion.* Credit me Gentlemen, I wonder at it. They receiv'd strict charge from the King to attend here: Besides it was boldly published, that no Officer should forbid any Gentlemen that desire to attend and hear.

*Cle.* Can you ghesse the cause?

*Di.* Sir, it is plain about the Spanish Prince, that's come to marry our Kingdoms Heir, and be our Sovereign.

*Tra.* Many ( that will seem to know much ) say, she looks not on him like a maid in love.

*Di.* O sir, the multitude (that seldom know any thing but their own opinions ) speak that they would have; but the Prince, before his own approach, receiv'd so many confident messages from the State, that I think she's resolv'd to be rul'd.

*Cle.* Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these Kingdoms of *Cicilie* and *Calabria*.

*Dion.* Sir, it is (without controversie ) so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour for him to enjoy both these Kingdoms, with safetie, the right Heir to one of them living, and living so vertuously: especially the people admiring the bravery of his mind, and lamenting his injuries.

*Cle.* Who, *Philaster*?

*Di.* Yes, whose Father we all know, was by our late King of *Calabria*, unrighteously deposed from his fruitfull *Cicilie*. My self drew some blood in those warres, which I would give my hand to be washed from.

*Cle.* Sir, my ignorance in State-policie, will not let me know, why *Philaster* ( being Heir to one of these Kingdoms ) the King should suffer him to walk abroad with such free libertie.

*Di.* Sir, it seems your nature is more constant than to enquire after State news. But the King (oflate) made a hazard of both the Kingdoms, of *Cicilie* and his own, with offering but to imprison

## PHILASTER.

*Philaster.* At which the City was in arms, not to be charm'd down by any State-order or Proclamation, till they saw *Philaster* ride through the streets pleas'd, and without a guard; at which they threw their Hats, and their arms from them; some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance. Which (wise men say) is the cause, the King labours to bring in the power of a foreign Nation, to aw his own with.

Enter *Gallatea*, *Megara*, and a Lady.

*Tra.* See, the Ladies, what's the first?

*Dio.* A wife & modest Gentlewoman that attends the Princess.

*Cle.* The second?

*Dio.* She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ill favour'dly Dance her Measure; simmer when she is Courted by her Friend, and slight her Husband.

*Cle.* The last?

*Di.* Murry I think she is one whom the State keeps for the Agents of our confederate Princes: she'll cog, & lie with a whole Army, before the league shall break: her name is common through the Kingdome, and the Trophies of her dishonour, advanced beyond *Hercules* pillars. She loves to try the several constitutions of mens bodies; and indeed has destroyed the worth of her own body, by making experiment upon it, for the good of the Common-wealth.

*Cle.* She's a profitable member.

*La.* Peace, if you love me: you shall see these Gentlemen stand their ground, and not Court us.

*Gal.* What if they should? *Meg.* What if they should?

*La.* Nay, let her alone; what if they should? why, if they should, I say, they were never abroad: what Forraigner would do so? it writes them directly untravel'd.

*Gal.* Why, what if they be? *Meg.* What if they be?

*La.* Good Madam let her go on; what if they be? Why if they be I will justifie, they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious Lady, nor make a Leg, nor say excuse me.

*Gal.* Ha, ha, ha. *La.* Do you laugh Madam?

*Di.* Your desires upon you Ladies. *L.* Then you must sit beside us.

*Di.* I shall sit neer you then Lady.

*La.* Neer me perhaps: But there's a Lady indures no stranger; and to me you appear a very strange fellow.

*Meg.* Me thinks he's not so strange, he would quickly be acquainted.

*Tra.* Peace the King.

Enter *King*, *Pharamond*, *Arcthusa*, and train.

*King.* To give a stranger testimony of love,

Then



Then sickly promises (which commonly  
 In Princes find both birth and burial)  
 In one breath, we have drawn you worthy fir,  
 To make your fair inearments to your daughter,  
 And worthy services known to our subjects,  
 Now lov'd and wondred at. Next, our intent,  
 To plant you deeply, our immediate Heir,  
 Both to our Blood and Kingdoms. For this Lady,  
 (The best part of your life, as you confirm me,  
 And I believe) though her few years and sex  
 Yet teach her nothing but her fears and blushes,  
 Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge,  
 Only of what her self is to her self,  
 Make her feel moderate health: and when she sleeps,  
 I making no ill day, knows no ill dreams.  
 Think not (dear fir) these undivided parts,  
 That must mould up a Virgin, are put on  
 To shew her so, as borrowed ornaments,  
 To speak her perfect love to you, or add  
 An Artificial shadow to her nature:  
 No fir; I boldly dare proclaim her, yet  
 No Woman. But woo her still, and think her modesty,  
 A sweeter mistress then the offer'd Language  
 Of any Dame, were she a Queen whose eye  
 Speaks common loves and comforts to her servants.  
 List, noble son, (for so I now must call you)  
 What I have done thus publike, is not only  
 To add a comfort in particular  
 To you or me, but all; and to confirm  
 The Nobles, and the Gentry of these Kingdoms,  
 By oath to your succession, which shall be  
 Within this month at most. *Tra.* This will be hardly done.

*Cle.* It must be ill done, if it be done.

*Di.* When tis at best, twill be but half done,  
 Whilst so brave a Gentleman's wrong'd and flung off.

*Tra.* I fear. *Cle.* Who does not?

*D.* I fear not for my self, and yet I fear too:  
 Well, we shall see, we shall see: no more.

*Pha.* Kissing your white hand (mistress) I take leave,  
 To thank your royal father: and thus far,

# PHILASTER.

To be my owne free Trumpet. Vnderstand  
 Great King, and these your subjects mine that must be,  
 (For so deserving you have spoke me sir,  
 And so deserving I dare speake my self)  
 To what a person, of what eminence,  
 Ripe expectation, of what faculties,  
 Manners and vertues you would wed your Kingdoms?  
 You in me have your wishes. Oh this Countrey,  
 By more then all my hopes, I hold it  
 Happy, in their dear memories that have been  
 Kings great and good happy in yours, that is,  
 And from you (as a Chronicle to keepe  
 Your noble name from eating age) do I,  
 Open my self most happy. Gentlemen,  
 Beleue me in a word, a Princes word,  
 There shall be nothing to make up a Kingdome  
 Mighty, and flourishing, defended, fear'd,  
 Equall to be commanded' and obey'd,  
 But through the travels of my life Ile finde it,  
 And tie it to this Countrey. And I vow  
 My reigne shall be so easie to the subject,  
 That every man shall be his prince himself,  
 And his owne law (yet I his Prince and law)  
 And dearest Lady, to your dearest self  
 (Deare, in the choise of him, whose name and lustre  
 Must make you more and mightier) let me say,  
 You are the blessed'st living; for sweet Princeesse,  
 You shall enjoy a man of men, to be  
 Your servant; you shall make him yours, for whom  
 Great Queens must die. *Tra. Miraculous.*

*Cle.* This speech calls him *Spaniard*, being nothing but  
 A large inventoy of his owne commendations.

*Enter Philaster.*

*Di.* I wonder what's his price? For certainly he'll tell himself  
 he has so prais'd his shiape: But here comes one, more worthy those  
 large speeches, then the large speaker of them? let me be swallowed  
 quick, if I can find, in all the Anatomy of yon mans vertues, one  
 finew sound enough to promise for him, he shall be Constable. By  
 this Sun, he'll nere make King, unlesse it be for trifles in my  
 poor judgment.



# PHILASTER.

*Phi.* Right noble Sir, as low as my obedience,  
And with a heart as loyal as my knee,  
I beg your favour.

*K.* Rise, you have it Sir.

*Di.* Mark but the King how pale he looks with fear,  
Oh, this same whorson Conscience, how it jades us!

*K.* Speak your intents sir. *Phi.* Shall I speak um freely?

Be still my Royal Sovereign. *K.* As a subject.

We give you freedom. *Di.* Now it heats.

*Phi.* Then thus I turn

My language to you Prince, you foraign man.

We're stare nor put on wonder, for you must

Indure me, and you shall. This earth you tread upon

(A dowry as you hope with this fair Princess,

Whose memory I bow to ) was not left

By my dead Father ( Oh, I had a Father )

To your inheritance, and I up and living,

Having my self about me and my sword,

The souls of all my name, and memories,

These arms and some few friends, beside the gods,

To part so calmly with it, and sit still,

And say I might have been ! I tell thee *Pharamond*,

When thou art King, look I be dead and rotten,

And my name ashes; For, hear me *Pharamond*,

This very ground thou goest on, this fat earth,

My Fathers friends made fertile with their faiths,

Before that day of shame, shall gape and swallow

Thee and thy Nation, like a hungry grave,

Into her hidden bowels : Prince, it shall;

By *Nemesis* it shall. *Pha.* He's mad beyond cure, mad.

*Di.* Here's a fellow has some fire in's veins :

The outlandish Prince looks like a tooth-drawer.

*Phi.* Sir, Prince of Poppingjays, Ile make it well appear

To you I am not mad. *K.* You displease us.

You are too bold. *Phi.* No sir, I am too tame,

Too much a Turtle, a thing born without passion,

A faint shadow, that every drunken clou'd sails over,

And makes nothing. *K.* I do not fancy this,

Call our Physicians : sure he is somewhat tainted.

# PHILASTER.

*Tra.* I do not think twill prove so.

*Dr.* Has given him a general purge already, for all the right he has, and now he means to let him blood: Be constant Gentlemen; by these hilts I'll run his hazard, although I run my name out of the Kindome. *Cle.* Peace, we are one soul.

*Pha.* What you have seen in me; to stir offence,  
I cannot find, unless: it be this Lady  
Offer'd into mine arms, with the succession,  
Which I must keep though it hath pleas'd your fury  
To mutiny within you; without disputing  
Your *Genealogies*, or taking knowledge  
Whose branch you are. The King will leave it me;  
And I dare make it mine; you have your answer.

*Phi.* If thou wert sole inheritor to him,  
That made the world his; and couldst see no sun  
Shine upon any but thine: were *Pharamond*  
As truly valiant, as I feel him cold,  
And ring'd among the choicest of his friends,  
Such as would blush to talk such serious follies,  
Or back such bellied commendations.  
And from this present, spight of all these bugs,  
You should hear further from me. *K.* Sir, you wrong the Prince:  
I gave you not this freedom to brave our best friends,  
You deserve our frown: Go to, be better temper'd.

*Phi.* It must be fir, when I am nobler us'd. *Gal.* Ladyes,  
This would have been a pattern of succession,  
Had he ne're met this mischief. By my life,  
He is the worthiest the true name of man  
This day within my knowledge.

*Meg.* I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge,  
But the oher it the man set in mine eye;  
Oh! 'tis a Prince of wax. *Gal.* A dog it is. *K.* *Philaster*, tell me,  
The injuries you aim at in your riddles.

*Phi.* If you had my eyes fir, and sufferance,  
My griefs upon you and my broken fortunes,  
My want's great, and now naught but hopes and fears,  
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laught at.  
Dare you be still my King and right me not?

*K.* Give me your wrongs in private.

*They whisper,*

*Phi.* Take them, and ease me of a load would bow strong *Atlas*.

*Cle.*

# P H I L A S T E R.

*Cl.* He dares not stand the shock.

*Di.* I cannot blame him, there's danger in't. Every man in this age, has not a soul of Christall for all men to read their actions through : mens hearts and faces are so far asunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do but view yon stranger well, and you shall see a feaver through all his bravery, and feel him shake like a true tenant ; if he give not back his Crown again, upon the report of an Elder Gun, I have no augury. *K.* Go to :

Be more your self, as you respect our favour :  
Yon'l stir us else : Sir, I must have you know  
That y' are and shall be at our pleasure, what fashion we  
Will put upon you : smooth your brow, or by the gods.

*Phi.* I am dead sir, y'are my fate : it was not I  
Said I was not wrong'd : I carry all about me,  
My weak stars led me to all my weak fortunes.  
Who dares in all this presence speak (that is  
But man of flesh and may be mortal) tell me  
I do not most intirely love this Prince,  
And honour his full vertues! *K.* Sure hee's posselt,

*Phi.* Yes, with my fathers spirit : It's here, O King !  
A dangerous spirit; now he tels me King,  
I was a Kings heir, bids-me be a King,  
And whispers to me, these be all my Subjects.  
'Tis strange, he will not let me sleep, but dives  
Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes  
That kneel, and do me service, cry me King :  
But I'll suppress him, he's a factious spirit,  
And will undo me : noble sir, your hand, I am your servant.

*K.* Away, I do not like this :  
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you  
Both of life and spirit : For this time  
I pardon your wild speech, without so much  
As your imprisonment.

Exit *K. Pha. Are.*

*Di.* I thank you sir, you dare not for the people.

*Gal.* Ladies, what think you now of this brave fellow ?

*Meg.* A pretty talking fellow, hot at hand ; but eye yon stranger, is not he a fine compleat Gentleman ? O these strangers, I do affect them strangely : they do the rarest home things, and please the fullest ! as I live, could love all the Nation over and over for his sake.

*Gal.*



P H I L A S T E R.

*Gal.* P. I'de comfort your poor head-piece Lady: tis a weak one, and had need of a night cap.

*Di.* See how his fancy labours, has he not spoke Home, and bravely? what a dangerous train Did he give fire to (How he shooke the King, Made his soul melt within him, and his blood Run into whay! it stood upon his brow, Like a cold winter dew. *Phi.* Gentleman, You have no suit to me? I am no minion: You stand (me thinks) like men that would be Courtiers, If you could well be flatter'd at a price, Not to undoe your children: y' are all honest: Goe get you home againe, and make your Countrey A vertuous Court, to which your great Ones may, In their diseased age, retire, and live recluse.

*Cle.* How do you worthy sir? *Phi.* Well, very well; And so well, that if the King please, I finde I may live many yeares;

*Di.* The King must please, Whilst wee know what you are, and who you are, Your wrongs and injuries: shrinke not, worthy sir, But adde your Father to you: in whose name, Wee'll waken all the gods, and conjure up The rods of vengeance, the abused people, Who like to raging torrents shall swell high, And so begirt the dens of these Male-dragons, That through the strongest safety, they shall beg For mercy at your swords point. *Phi.* Freinds, no more, Our yeares may be corrupted: Tis an age We dare not trust our wills to: do you love me?

*Tra.* Do we love heaven and honour?

*Phi.* My Lord *Dion*, you had A vertuous Gentlewoman, cal'd you father; Is she yet alive? *Di.* Most honor'd sir, she is: And for the penance but of an idle dream, Has undertooke a tedious Pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady.

*Phi.* Is it to me, or any of these Gentlemen you come?

*La.* to you, brave Lord: the Princess would intreat Your present company.

*Phi.* The Princess send for me! y' are mistaken.

*La.*

PHILASTER.

*La.* If you be cal'd *Philaster*, 'tis to you.

*Phi.* Kisse her hand, and say I will attend her.

*Di.* Do you know what you do? *Phi.* Yes, go to see a woman.

*Cle.* But do you weigh the danger you are in?

*Phi.* Danger in a sweet face?

By *Jupiter* I must not fear a woman.

*Tra.* But are you sure it was the Princess sent?

It may be some foul train to catch your life.

*Phi.* I do not think it Gentlemen: she's noble,  
Her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red  
And white friends in her face may steal my soul out:

There's all the danger in't: but be what may, *Exit. Phil.*

Her single name hath arm'd me. *Di.* Go on:

And be as truly happy, as thou art fearless:

Come Gentlemen, lets make our friends acquainted,

Least the King prove false.

*Exit Gentlemen.*

*Enter Arethusa and a Lady.*

*Are.* Comes he not? *La.* Madam?

*Are.* Will *Philaster* come? *La.* Dear Madam, you were wont  
To credit me at first.

*Are.* But didst thou tell me so?

I am forgetful, and my womans strength

Is so orecharg'd with dangers like to grow

About my marriage, that these under-things

Dare not abide in such a troubled sea:

How look't he, when he told thee he would come?

*La.* Why, well. *Are.* And not a little fearful?

*La.* Fear Madam? sure he knows not what it is:

*Are.* You are all of his Faction; the whole Court

Is bold in praise of him, whilst I

May live neglected: and do noble things,

As fools in strife throw gold into the Sea,

Drown'd in the doing: but I know he fears.

*La.* Fear? Madam (me thought) his looks bid more  
Of love than fear.

*Are.* Of love? To whom? to you?

Did you deliver those plain words I sent,

With such a winning gesture, and quick look

That you have caught him?

*La.* Madam, I mean to you.



# PHILASTER.

*Are.* Of love to me? Alas, thy ignorance  
 Lets thee not see the crosses of our births:  
 Nature, that loves not to be questioned  
 Why she did this, or that, but has her ends,  
 And knows she does well; never gave the world  
 Two things so opposite, so contrary,  
 As he and I am: If a bowle of blood  
 Drawn from this arm of mine, would pay for thee,  
 A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me?

*La.* Madam, I think I hear him.

*Are.* Bring him in:

You Gods that would not have your dooms with flood,  
 Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is,  
 To make the passion of a feeble maid,  
 The way unto your justice, I obey.

*Enter Phi.*

*La.* Here is my Lord *Philaster*.

*Are.* Oh 'tis well:

Withdraw your self.

*Phi.* Madam, your messenger

Made me believe, you wish'd to speak with me.

*Are.* 'Tis true *Philaster*, but the words are such,  
 I have to say, and do ill beseem  
 The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,  
 And yet am loth to speak them. Have you known  
 That I have ought detracted from your worth?  
 Have I in person wrong'd you? or have set  
 My baser instruments to throw disgrace  
 Upon your vertues?

*Phi.* Never Madam you.

*Are.* Why then should you in such a publique place;  
 Injure a Princeesse and a scandal lay  
 Upon my fortunes, sam'd to be so great:  
 Calling a great part of my dowry in question:

*Phi.* Madam, this truth which I shall speak, will be  
 Foolish: but for your fair and vertuous self,  
 I could afford my self to have no right  
 To any thing you wish'd.

*Are.* *Philaster*, know

I must enjoy these Kingdoms.

*Phi.* Madam, both?

*Are.* Both, or I die: by Fate I die *Philaster*.  
 If I not calmie may enjoy them both.

*Phi.* I would do much to save that noble life:  
 Yet would be loth to have posteritie  
 Find in our stories, that *Philaster* gave

# PHILASTER.

His right unto a Scepter, and a Crown,

To save a Ladies longing.

*Are.* Nay then hear :

I must, and will have them, and more.

*Phi.* What more ?

*Are.* Or lose that little life the gods prepared,

To trouble this poor piece of earth withall.

*Phi.* Madam, what more ?

*Are.* Turn then away thy face.

*Phi.* No.

*Are.* Do.

*Phi.* I cannot endure it : turn away my face ?

I never yet saw enemy that lookt

So dreadfully, but that I thought my self

As great a Basilisk as he ; or spake

So horribly, but that I thought my tongue

Bore thunder underneath, as much as his :

Nor beast that I could turn from : shall I then

Begin to fear sweet sounds ? a Ladies voice,

Whom I do love ? Say you would have my life,

Why, I will give it you ; for it is of me

A thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask,

Of so poor use, that I shall make no price

If you intreat, I will unmov'dly hear.

*Are.* Yet for my sake a little bend thy looks.

*Phi.* I do.

*Are.* Then know I must have them and thee.

*Phi.* And me ?

*Are.* Thy love : without which, all the Land

Discovered yet, will serve me for no use,

But to be buried in.

*Phi.* Ist possible ?

*Are.* With it, it were too little to bestow

On thee : Now, though thy breath doth strike me dead

( Which know it may ) I have unript my breast.

*Phi.* Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,

To lay a train for this contemned life,

Which you may have for asking : to suspect

Were base, where I deserve no ill : love you !

By all my hopes I do, above my life :

But how this passion should proceed from you

So violently, would amaze a man, that would be jealous.

*Are.* Another soul into my body thor,

Could not hav fil'd me with more strength and spirit,

Then this thy breath : but spend not hasty time,

In seeking how I came thus : 'tis the gods,

The gods, that make me so ; and sure our love

P H I L A S T E R.

Will be the nobler, and the better blest,  
 In that the secret justice of the gods  
 Is mingled with it. Let us leave and kisse,  
 Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us,  
 And we should part without it. *Phil.* Twill be ill  
 I should abide here long. *Are.* 'Tis true and worse,  
 You should come often: How shall we devise  
 To hold intelligence? That our true lovers,  
 On any new occasion may agree, what path is best to tread?

*Phi.* I have a boy sent by the gods, I hope to this intent,  
 Not yet seen in the Court, hunting the Buck,  
 I found him sitting by a Fountains side,  
 Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,  
 And paid the Nymph again as much in tears;  
 A Garland lay him by, made by himself,  
 Of many severall flowers, bred in the bay,  
 Stuck in that mystick order, that the rareness  
 Delighted me: but ever when he turned  
 His tender eyes upon um, he would weep,  
 As if he meant to make um grow again.  
 Seeing such pretty helpless innocence  
 Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story;  
 He told me that his Parents gentle dyed,  
 Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,  
 Which gave him roots; and of the Chrysell Springs,  
 Which did not stop their courses; and the Sun,  
 Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.  
 Then took he up his Garland, and did shew,  
 What every flower as Countrey people hold,  
 Did signifie: and how all ordered thus,  
 Express his grief: and to my thoughts did read  
 The prettiest lecture of his Countrey Art  
 That could be wisht: so that, me thought, I could  
 Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,  
 Who was glad to follow; and have got  
 The truest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy,  
 That ever Master kept: Him will I send  
 To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

*Enter Lady.*

*Are.* 'Tis well, no more.



# P H I L A S T E R.

*La.* Madam, the Prince is come to do his service.

*Are.* What will you do *Philaster* with your self?

*Phi.* Why, that which all the gods have appointed out for me.

*Are.* Dear, hide thy self: Bring in the Prince.

*Phi.* Hide me from *Pharamond*!

When thunder speaks, which is the voice of *Jove*,

Though I do reve ence, yet I hide me not;

And shall a stranger Prince have leave to brag

Unto a forraign Nation, that he made *Philaster* hide himself?

*Are.* He cannot know it.

*Phi.* Though it should sleep for ever to the world,

It is a simple sin to hide my self,

Which will for ever on my conscience lie.

*Are.* Then good *Philaster*, give him scope and way

In what he sayes: for he is apt to speak,

What you are loth to hear: for my sake do.

*Pbi.* I will.

Enter *Pharamond*.

*Pha.* My Princely Mistress, as true lovers ought,

I come to k<sup>t</sup>s these fair hands; and to shew

In outward ceremonies, the dear love

Writ in my heart. *Pbi.* If I shall have an answer no directlier,

I am gone. *Pha.* To what would he have an answer?

*Are.* To his claim unto the Kingdom.

*Pha.* Sirra, I forbear you before the King.

*Pbi.* Good sir, do so still, I would not talk with you.

*Pha.* But now the time is fitter, do but offer

To make mention of right to any Kingdom,

Though it be scarce habitable. *Pbi.* Good sir let me go.

*Pha.* And by my sword. *Pbi.* Peace *Pharamond*: if thou —

*Are.* Leave us *Philaster*. *Pbi.* I have done.

*Pha.* You are gone: by heaven I'll fetch you back.

*Pbi.* You shall not need. *Pha.* What now?

*Pbi.* Know *Pharamond*,

I loath to brawl with such a blast as thou,

Who art nought but a valiant voice: But if

Thou shalt provoke me further: men shall say

Thou wert, and not lament it.

*Pha.* Do you slight

My greatness so, and in the Chamber of the Princess!

*Pbi.* It is a place to which I must confess

## PHILASTER.

I owe a reverence : but wert the Church ,  
I at the Altar ther's no place so safe,  
Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill thee :  
And for your greatness , know fir, I can gaspe  
You and your greatness thus, thus into nothing :  
Give not a word, not a word back : Farewell.

*Exit. Phi.*

*Pha.* 'Tis an odd fellow Madam, we must stop  
His mouth with some Office, when we are married.

*Are.* You were best make him your Controuler.

*Pha.* I think he would discharge it well. But Madam,  
I hope our hearts are knit ; and yet so slow  
The Ceremonies of State are, that twill be long  
Before our hands be so : If then you please,  
Being agreed in heart, let us not wait  
For dreaming for me, but take a little stolne  
Delights, and so prevent our joyes to come :

*Are.* If you dare speak such thoughts,  
I must withdraw in honour.

*Exit Are.*

*Pha.* The constitution of my body will never hold out till the  
wedding ; I must seek elsewhere.

*Exit. Pha.*

## Act. 2. Scæna 1.

*Enter Philaster and Bellario.*

*Phi.* And thou shalt find her honourable boy ,  
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,  
For thine own modesty ; and for my sake,  
Apt to give, then thou wilt be to ask, I, or deserve.

*Bell.* Sir, you did take me up when I was nothing ;  
And only yet am something, by being yours ;  
You trusted me unknown, and that which you were apt,  
To conster a simple innocence in me,  
Perhaps, might have been craft ; the cunning of a boy  
Hardened in lies and these ; yet ventur'd you,  
To part my miseries and me ; for which,  
I never can expect to serve a Lady  
That bears more honour in her breast than you.

*Phi.* But boy, it will preferre thee ; thou art young,  
And bearest a childish overflowing love  
To them that clap thy cheeks, and speak thee fair yet,

*But*



## PHILASTER.

But when thy judgement comes to rule those passions,  
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends  
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life;  
She is a Princess I prefer thee to.

*Bel.* I that small time that I have seen the world,  
I never knew a man hasty to part  
With a servant he thought trusty; I remember  
My Father would prefer the boyes he kept  
To greater men then he, but did it not,  
Till they were grown too sawcy for himself.

*Phi.* Why gentle boy, I find no fault at all in thy behaviour,

*Bel.* Sir, if I have made  
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth;  
I shall be willing, if not apt to learn;  
Age and experience will adorn my mind  
With larger knowledge: And if I have done  
A wilfull fault, think me not past all hope  
For once; what Master holds so strict a hand  
Over his boy, that he will part with him  
Without one warning? Let me be corrected  
To break my stubbornness if it be so,  
Rather than turn me off, and I shall mend.

*Phi.* Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,  
That (trust me) I could weep to part with thee.  
Alas, I do not turn thee off; thou knowest  
It is my business that doth call thee hence,  
And when thou art with her thou dwel'st with me:  
Think so, and 'tis so: and when time is full,  
That thou hast well discharg'd this heavy trust,  
Laid on so weak a one, I will again  
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will;

Nay, weep not, gentle boy; 'Tis more than time  
Thou didst attend the Princess. *Bell.* I am gone;

But since I am to part with you my Lord,  
And none knows whether, I shall live to do  
More service for you; take this little prayer;  
Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your designs.  
May sick men, if they have your wish, be well;  
And heaven ha'e those you curse, though I be one.

*Phi.* The love of boyes unto their Lords is strange,

*Exit.*

PHILASTER.

I have read wonders of it, yet this boy  
For my sake ( if a man may judge by looks,  
And speech) would outdo story. I may see  
A day to pay him for his loyalty.

*Exit. Phi.*

*Enter Pharamond.*

*Pha.* Why should these Ladies stay so long ? They must come this way ; I know the Queen employes um not, for the reverend Mother sent me word they would all be for the garden. If they should all prove honest now, I were in a fair taking ; I was never so long without sport in my life, and in my conscience 'tis not my fault : Oh, for our country Ladies ! Here's one boulded, I'll hound at her.

*Enter Galatea.*

*Gal.* Your Grace!

*Pha.* Shall I not be a trouble ?

*Gal.* Not to me sir.

*Pha.* Nay, nay, you are too quick ; by this sweet hand.

*Gal.* You'll be forsworn sir, 'tis but an old glove. If you will talk at distance, I am for you : but good Prince, be not bawdy, nor do not brag ; these two I bar, and then I think, I shall have sence enough to answer all the weighty *Apothegmes* your royal blood shall manage.

*Pha.* Dear Lady, can you love ?

*Gal.* Dear Prince, how dear ! I ne're cost you a Coach yet, nor put you to the dear repentance of a banquet ; Here's no Scarlet sir, to blush the sin out it was given for : This wiers mine own hair covers : and this face has been so far from being dear to any, that it nere cost penny painting : And for the rest of my poor Wardrop, such as you see, it leaves no hand behind it, to make the jealous Mercers wife curse our good doings.

*Pha.* You mistake me Lady.

*Pha.* Lord, I do so ; would you or I could help it.

*Pha.* Do Ladies of this Countrey use to give no more respect to men of my full being ?

*Gal.* Full being ! I understand you not, unless your grace means growing to fatness ; and then your only remedy ( upon my knowledge, Prince ) is in a morning a cup of neat White wine brew'd with *Carduus*, then fast till supper, about eight you may eat ; use exercise, and keep a Sparrow-hawk, you can shoot in a Tiller ; But of all, your Grace must flie *Phlebotomie*, fresh Pork, Conger, and clarified whay ; They are all dullers of the vital spirits.

*Pha.* Lady, you talk of nothing all this while.

*Gal.* 'Tis very true sir, I talk of you.

*Pha.* This is a crafty wench, I like her wit well, 'twill be rare to  
sir

stirre up a leaden appetite, she's a *Danae*, and must be courted in a showre of gold. Madam; look here, all these, and more, than —

*Gal.* What have you there, my Lord? gold? Now, as I live tis fair gold; you would have silver for it to play with the Pages; you could not have taken me in a worse time, But if you have present use my Lord, I'll send my man with silver, and keep your gold for you.

*Pha.* Lady, Lady.

*Gal.* She's coming sir b.hinde, will take white money. Yet for all this I'll match yee.

*Exit. Gal. behind the hangings.*

*Pha.* If there be but two such more in this Kingdome, & neere the Court, we may even hang up our harpes: ten such *Camphier* constitutions as this, would call the golden age again in question, and teach the old way for every ill fac't husband to get his own children; and what a mischief that will breed, let all consider.

*Enter Megra.*

Here's another; if she be of the same last, the divell shall pluck her on. Many faire mornings, Lady.

*Meg.* As many mornings bring as many dayes, Fair, sweet, and hopefull to your Grace.

*Pha.* She gives good words yet; Sure this wench is free; If your more serious businesse do not call you, Let me hold quarter with you, we'll take an hour Out quickly. *Meg.* What would your grace talk of?

*Pha.* Of some such pretty subiect as your selfe. I'll go no further than your eye, or lip; There's theame enough for one man for an age.

*Meg.* Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even, Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, red enough, Or my glasse wrongs me.

*Pha.* O they are two twin'd cherries died in blushes, Which those faire suns above, with their bright beames Reflect upon, and ripen: sweetest beauty, Bow down those branches, that the longing taste, Of the faint looker on, may meet those blessings, And taste and live.

*Meg.* O delicate sweet Prince; She that hath snow enough about her heart, To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off, May be a Nunne without probation.

Sir, you have in such neat poetry, gathered a kisse, That if I had but five lines of that number,



Such pretty begging blanks : I should commend  
Your fore-head, or your cheeks, and kiss you too.

*Pha.* Do it in prose; you cannot miss it Madam.

*Meg.* I shall, I shall. *Pha.* By my life, you shall not.

I'll prompt you first : Can you do it now ?

*Meg.* Me thinks tis easie, now I ha don't before ;

But yet I should stick at it. *Pha.* Stick till to morrow.

I'll ne're part you sweetest. But we lose time ,

Can you love me ?

*Meg.* Love you my Lord ? How would you have me love you ?

*Pha.* I'll teach you in a short sentence, cause I will not load your  
memory, this is all : love me, and lie with me.

*Meg.* Was it lie with you that you said ? Tis impossible.

*Pha.* Not to a willing mind, that will endeavour ; If I do not  
teach you to do it as easily in one night, as you'll go to bed : I'll lose  
my royal blood for't.

*Meg.* Why Prince, you have a Lady of your own, that yet  
wants teaching.

*Pha.* I'll sooner teach a Mare the old measures, then teach her  
any thing belonging to the function ; she's afraid to lie with her  
self, if she have but any masculine imaginations about her ; I know  
when we are married, I must ravish her.

*Meg.* By my honour, that's a foul fault indeed, but time and  
your good help will wear it out fir.

*Pha.* And for any other I see, excepting your dear self, dearest  
Lady, I had rather be fir *Tim* the Schoolmaster, and leap a dayry  
Maid. *Meg.* Has your Grace seen the Court-star *Galatea* ?

*Pha.* Out upon her ; she's as cold of her favour as an apoplex ;  
she said by but now. *Meg.* And how do you hold her wit fir ?

*Pha.* I hold her wit ? The strength of all the Guard cannot hold  
it, if they were tied to it, she would blow um out of the Kingdom,  
They talke of *Jupiter*, he's but a squib-cracker to her : Look well  
about you, and you may find a tongue-bolt. But speak sweet Lady,  
shall I be freely welcome ? *Meg.* Whither ?

*Pha.* To your bed ; if you mistrust my faith, you do me the un-  
noblest wrong. *Meg.* I dare not prince, I dare not.

*Pha.* Make your own conditions, my purse shall seal um, and  
what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish you withall :  
give two hours to your thoughts every morning about it. Come,  
I know you are bashful, speak in my ear, will you be mine ? keep  
this,

# P H I L A S T E R.

th, is and with it me; soone I will visit you.

*Meg.* My Lord, my chamber's most unsafe, but when tis night I'll finde some meanes to slip into your lodging: til when——

*Pha.* Til when, this, & my heart go with thee. *Ex. several ways.*

*Enter Galatea from behind the hangings.*

*Gal.* Oh thou pernicious petticoate Prince; are these your vertues? Well, if I do not lay a traine to blow your sport up, I am no woman; and Lady Towlabell I'll fit you for't. *Exit. Gal.*

*Enter Arethusa and a Lady.*

*Are.* Where's the boy? *La.* Within Madam.

*Are.* Gave you him gold to buy him cloathes?

*La.* I did. *Are.* And has he don't?

*La.* Yes Madam. *Are.* Tis a pretty sad talking boy, is it not? Asked you his name? *La.* No Madam. *Enter Galatea.*

*Are.* O you are welcome, what good news?

*Gal.* As good as any one can tell your Grace, That sayes she hath done that you would have wish'd

*Are.* Hast thou discovered?

*Gal.* I have strained a point of modesty for you.

*Are.* I preethee how?

*Gal.* In listning after bawdery; I see, let a Lady live never so modestly, she shall be sure to find a lawful time, to harken after bawdery; your Prince, brave *Pharamond.* was so hot on't.

*Are.* With whom?

*Gal.* Why, with the Lady I suspect: I can tell the time and place.

*Are.* O when, and where? *Gal.* To night, his Lodging.

*Are.* Runne thy selfe into the presence, mingle there again With other Ladies, leave the rest to me:

If destiny (to whom we dare not say,  
Why thou didst this) have not decreed it so,  
In lasting leaves (whose smallest Characters  
Was never altered:) yet, this match shall break.

Wher's the boy; *La.* Here Madam. *Enter Bellario,*

*Are.* Sir, you are sad to change your service, ist not so?

*Bel.* Madam, I have not chang'd, I wait on you,  
To do him service. *Are.* Thou disclaim'st in me;  
Tell me thy name. *Bel.* *Bellario.*

*Are.* Thou canst sing, and play.

*Bel.* If greife will give me leave. Madam, I can.

*Are.* Alas, what kind of griefe can thy yeares know?

Hadst thou a curst master, when thou wentst to schoole;  
 Thou art not capable of other griefe;  
 Thy browes and cheekes are smooth as waters be,  
 When no dreath trouble them: believe me boy,  
 Care seekes out wrinkled browes, and hollow eyes,  
 And builds himselfe caves to abide in them.  
 Come sir, tell me truly, does your Lord love me?

*Bel.* Love Madam? I know not what it is.

*Are.* Canst thou know griefe, and never yet knew'st love?  
 Thou art deceiv'd boy; does he speak of me  
 As if he wish'd me well? *Bel.* If it be love,  
 To forget all respect of his owne friends,  
 In thinking of your face? if it be love  
 To sit crosse arm'd and sigh away the day,  
 Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud  
 And hastily, as men i'the streets do fire:  
 If it be love to weepe himself away,  
 When he but heares of any Lady dead,  
 Or kil'd, because it might have been your chance,  
 If when he goes to rest (which will not be)  
 Twixt every prayer he sayes, to name you once  
 As others drop a bead; be to be in love;  
 Then Madam, I dare swear he loves you.

*Are.* O y'are a cunning boy, and taught to lie,  
 For your Lords credit; but thou knowest, a lie  
 That beares this sound, is welcomer to me,  
 Then any truth that sayes he loves me not.  
 Lead the way Boy: Do you attend me too;  
 Tis thy Lords businesse hastes me thus; Away.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Dion, Cleremont, Trasilin, Megra, Galatea.*

*Di.* Come Ladies, shall we talke a round? As men  
 Doe walk a mile, women should take an houre  
 After supper: Tis their exercise. *Gal.* Tis late.

*Meg.* Tis all,  
 My eyes will do to lead me to my bed.

*Gal.* I feare they are so heavy, you'le scarce finde  
 The way to your lodging with um to night.

*Enter Pharamond.*

*Tra.* The Prince.

*Pha.* Not a bed Ladies, y' are good sitters up;

What



What think you of a pleasant dream to last  
Till morning?

*Meg.* I should choose my Lord a pleasing wake before it.

Enter *Arethusa* and *Bellarion*.

*Are.* Tis well my Lord; y'are courting of Ladies.

Is't not late Gentlemen? *Cle.* Yes Madam.

*Are.* Wait you there.

Exit *Arethusa*.

*Meg.* She's jealous, as I live; look you my Lord,  
The Princess has a *Hilas* an *Adonis*. *Pha.* His form is Angel-like.

*Meg.* Why this is he, must, when you are wed,  
Sit by your pillow, like young *Apollo*, with  
His hand and voice, binding your thoughts in sleepe;  
The Princess does provide him for you, and for her selfe.

*Pha.* I finde no musique in these boyes. *Meg.* Nor I.  
They can do little, and that small they doe,  
They have not wit to hide.

*Di.* Serves he the Princess?

*Tra.* Yes. *Di.* Tis a sweet boy, how brave she keeps him?

*Pha.* Ladies all good rest; I mean to kill a Buck  
To morrow morning, ere y'are done your dreames.

*Meg.* All happinesse attend your Grace, Gentlemen good rest,  
Come shall we to bed? *Gal.* Yes, all good night. Exit. *Gal.* *Meg.*

*Di.* May your dreames be true to you;  
What shall we doe Gallants, Tis late, the King  
Is up still, see, he comes, a Guard along  
With him. Enter *King*, *Arethusa*, and *Guard*:

*K.* Looke your intelligence be true.

*Are.* Upon my life it is: and I do hope,  
Your highnesse will not tye me to a man,  
That in the heat of woiing throwes me off,  
And takes another. *Di.* What should this meane?

*K.* If it be true,  
That Lady had been better have embrac'd  
Curelesse diseases; get you to your rest,  
You shall be righted: Gentlemen draw neare,  
We shall imploy you; Is young *Pharamond*  
Come to his lodging? *Di.* I saw him enter there.

Ex. *Are.* *Bel.*

*K.* Haste some of you and cunningly discover,  
If *Megra* be in her lodging. *Cle.* Sir,  
She parted hence but now with other Ladies.

*K.* If she be there, we shall not need to make.

A vaine discovery of our suspicion,  
 You gods I see, that who unrighteously  
 Holds wealth or state from others, shall be curst,  
 In that, which meaner men are blest withall:  
 Ages to come shall know no male of him  
 Left no inherit, and his name shall be  
 Blotted from earth; If he have any child,  
 It shall be crossely match'd: the gods themselves  
 Shall sow wild strife betwixt her Lord and her.  
 Yet, if it be your wils, forgive the sinne  
 I have committed, let it not fall  
 Upon this understanding child of mine  
 She has not broke your Lawes; but how can I,  
 Look to be heard of gods, that must be just?  
 Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

*Enter Dion.*

*Di.* Sir I have asked, and her women swear she is within, but  
 they I think are bawdes; I told um I must speak with her: they  
 laught, and said their Lady lay speechlesse. I said, my businesse was  
 important, they said their Lady was about it: I grew hot, and cry-  
 ed my businesse was a matter, that concern'd life and death; they  
 answered, so was sleeping, at which their Lady was, I urg'd again,  
 she had scarce time to be so since last I saw her; they smil'd again,  
 and seem'd to instruct me, that sleeping was nothing but lying  
 down and winking: Answers more direct I could not get: in short  
 sir, I think she is not there,

*K.* Tis then no time to dally: you o'th Guard.  
 Wait at the back doore of the Princes lodging,  
 And see that none passe thence upon your lives.  
 Knock Gentlemen: knock loude: lowder yet:  
 What has their pleasure taken off their hearing?  
 I'll break your meditations? knock againe:  
 Not yet? I do not think he sleeps; having this  
 Larum by him; once more' *Pharamond*, Prince.

*Pharamond above.*

*Pha.* What sawcy groome knocks at this dead of night?  
 Where be our waiters? By my vexed soul,  
 He meets his death, that meets me for this boldnesse.

*K.* Prince, you wrong your thoughts, we are your freinds,  
 Come down. *Pha.* The King? *K.* The same sir, come down,

P H I L A S T E R.

We have cause of present counsell with you,

*Pha.* If your Grace please to use me, I'll attend you  
To your Chamber. *Pha below.*

*K.* No, tis too late Prince, I'll make bold with yours.

*Pha.* I have some private reasons to my selfe,  
Makes me unmannerly, and say you cannot;  
Nay, presse not forward Gentlemen, he must come  
Through my life, that comes here. *Enter.*

*K.* Sir, be resolv'd I must and will come;

*Pha.* I will not be dishonour'd;  
He that enters, enters upon his death;  
Sir, tis a signe you make no stranger of me,  
To bring these renegados to my chamber,  
At these unseason'd hours. *K.* Why do you  
Chafe your selfe so? you are not wrong'd, nor shall be;  
Onely I'll search your lodging, for some cause  
To our selfe known: *Enter I say.* *Pha.* I say no. *Meg. above.*

*Meg.* Let um enter Prince,  
Let um enter, I am up, and ready; I know their businesse,  
Tis the poor breaking of a Ladyes honour,  
They hunt so hotly after; let um enjoy it.  
You have your businesse Gentlemen, I lay here.  
O my Lord the King, this is not noble in you.  
To make publique the weaknesse of a woman. *K.* Come down.

*Meg.* I dare my Lord; your whootings and your clamors,  
Your private whispers, and your broad fleerings,  
Can no more vex my soul, than this base carriage,  
But I have vengeance yet in store for some,  
Shall in the most contempt you can have of me,  
Be joy and nourishment. *K.* Will you come down?

*Meg.* Yes, to laugh at your worst: but I shall wrong you,  
If my skill fail me not.

*K.* Sir, I must dearly chide you for this loosenesse;  
You have wrong'd a worthy Lady; but no more,  
Conduct him to my lodging, and to bed.

*Cle.* Get him another wench, and you bring him to bed indeed;

*Di.* Tis strange a man cannot ride a Stagge  
Or two, to breath himself without a warrant;  
If this geere hold, that lodgings be search'd thus,  
Pray heaven we may lie with our own wives in safety,

That



That they be not by some trick of State mistaken?

Enter with *Megra*.

*K*. Now Lady of honour, where's your honour now?

No man can fit your palat, but the Prince.

Thou most ill throwded rottenesse; thou piece

Made by a Painter and a Pothecary;

Thou troubled sea of lust; thou wildernesse,

Inhabited by wild thoughts; thou swolne cloud

Of Infection; thou ripe Mine of all diseases;

Thou all sinne, all hell, and last, all Devils, tell me,

Had you none to pull on which your courtesies,

But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter.

By all the gods, all these, and all the Pages,

And all the Court shall hoot thee through the Court,

Fling rotten Oranges, make ribald rimes,

And sear thy name with candles upon wals:

Do you laugh Lady *Venus*?

*Meg*. Faith sir, you must pardon me;

I cannot chuse but laugh to see you merry

If you do this; O King, nay, if you dare do it;

By all these gods you swore by, and as many

More of my owne; I will have fellowes, and such

Fellowes in it, as shall make noble mirth;

The Princeesse, your dear daughter, shall stand by me

On wals, and sung in ballads, any thing:

Urge me no more, I know her, and her haunts,

Her layes, leaps, and outlayes, and will discover all;

Nay will dishonour her. I know the boy

She keeps a handsome boy; about eighteene:

Know what she does with him, where, and when.

Come sir, you put me to a womans madnesse,

The glory of a fury; and if I do not

Do it to the height?

*K*. What boy is this she raves at?

*Meg*. Alas, good minded Prince, you know not these things? I

am loth to reveal um. Keep this fault

As you would keep your health from the hot aire

Of the corrupted people, or by heaven,

I will not fall alone: what I have known,

Shall be as publique as a print: all tongues

Shall

Shall speak it as they do the language they  
 Are borne in, as free and commonly; I'll set it  
 Like a prodigious starre for all to gaze at,  
 And so high & glowing, that other Kingdomes far and forraign  
 Shall read it there, nay travail with it, till they finde  
 No tongue to make it more, nor no more people;  
 And then behold the fall of your fair Princeesse. *K.* Has she a boy.

*Cle.* So please your Grace I have seene a boy waite  
 On her, a fair poy. *K.* Go, get you to your quarter:  
 For this time I'll study to forget you.

*Meg.* Do you study to forget me, and I'll study  
 To forget you. *Ex. K. Meg. Guard.*

*Cle.* Why here's a male spirit for *Hercules*, if ever there be  
 nine worthies of women, this wench shall ride a stride, and be  
 their Captaine.

*Di.* Sure she has a garrison of Devils in her tongue, she uttered  
 such bals of wild-fire. She has so nettled the King, that all the  
 Doctors in the countrey will scarce cure him. That boy was a  
 strange found out antidote to cure her infection: that boy, that  
 Princeesse boy: that brave chaste, vertuous Ladies boy: and a faire  
 boy, a well spoken boy: All these considered, can make nothing  
 else — but there I leave you Gentlemen.

*Tra.* Nay, wee'll go wander with you. *Exeunt.*

## Actus 3. Scena 1.

Enter *Cle.* *Di.* *Tra.*

*Cle.* Nay, doubtlesse tis true, *Di.* I, and tis the gods  
 That rais'd this punishment to scourge the King  
 With his own issue: Is it not a shame  
 For us, that should write noble in the land,  
 For us, that should be free men, to behold  
 A man, that is the bravery of his age,  
*Philaster*: prest down from his royall right,  
 By this regardlesse King, and onely look,  
 And see the Scepter ready to be cast  
 Into the hands of that lascivious Lady,  
 That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now to be  
 Married to you strange Prince, who, but that people  
 Please to let him be a Prince, is borne a slave,

In that which should be his most noble part :  
His minde. *Tra.* That man that would not stirre with you,  
To aid *Philaster*, let the gods forget,  
That such a creature walkes upon the earth.

*Cle.* *Philaster* is too backward in't himself;  
The Gentry do await it, and the people  
Against their nature are all bent for him,  
And like a field of standing corn, that's mov'd  
With a stiffe gale, their heads bow all one way.

*Di.* The only cause that drawes *Philaster* back  
From this attempt, is the faire Princes love,  
Which he admires and we can now confute.

*Tra.* Perhaps he'll not believe it.

*Di.* Why Gentlemen, tis without question so.

*Cle.* I tis past speech, she lives dishonesty.  
But how shall we, if he be curious, worke  
Upon his faith. *Tra.* We all are satisfied within our selves.

*Di.* Since it is true, and tends to his owne good,  
I'll make this new report to be my knowledge,  
I'll say I know it, nay, I'll swear I saw it.

*Cle.* It will be best. *Tra.* It will move him. Enter *Philaster*.

*Di.* Here he comes. Good morrow to your honour,  
We have spent some time in seeking you. *Phi.* My worthy friends,  
You that can keep your memories to know  
Your friend in miseries, and cannot frowne;  
On men disgrac'd for vertue: A good day  
Attend you all. What service may I do worthy your acceptation?

*Di.* My good Lord.  
We come to urge that vertue which we know  
Lives in your breast; forth, rise, and make a head,  
The nobles, and the people are all dull'd  
With this usurping King; and not a man  
That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing  
As vertue, but will second your attempts.

*Phi.* How honourable is thy love in you.  
To me that have deserv'd none? Know my friends  
(You that were borne to shame your poore *Philaster*,  
With too much courtesie) I could afford  
To melt my selfe in thanks; but my designs  
Are not yet ripe, suffice it, that ere long.



I shal employ your loves : but yet the time is short of what I would.

*Di.* The time is fuller sir, than you expect;  
That which hereafter will not perhaps be reach'd  
By violence, may now be caught; As for the King,  
You know the people have long hated him;  
But now the Princessse, whom they lov'd. *Phi.* Why, what of her?

*Di.* Is loath'd as much as he. *Phi.* By what strange means?

*Di.* She's known a whore. *Phi.* Thou lyest

*Di.* My Lord — *Phi.* Thou lyest. *Offers to draw & is held.*

And thou shalt feel it; I had thought thy minde  
Had been of honour; thus to rob a Lady  
Of her good name, is an infectious sinne,  
Not to be pardon'd, be it false as hell,  
T'wil never be redeem'd, if it be sowne  
Amongst the people, fruitful to increase  
All evil they shall heare. Let me alone,  
That I may cut off falshood, whilst it springs;  
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man  
That utters this, and I will scale them all,  
And from the utmost top fall on his neck,  
Like thunder from a cloud. *Di.* This is most strange;  
Sure he does love her. *Phi.* I do love faire truth:  
She is my mistresse, and who injures her,  
Drawes vengeance from me. Sirs, let go my armes.

*Tra.* Nay, good my Lord be patient.

*Cle.* Sir, remember this is your honour'd friend,  
That comes to do his service, and will shew you,  
Why he utter'd this. *Phi.* I ask you pardon sir,  
My zeale to truth made me unmannerly:  
Should I have heard dishonour spoke of you,  
Behind your back untruly, I had been  
As much distemper'd, and enrag'd as now.

*Di.* But this my Lord is truth.

*Phi.* O say not so, good sir forbear to say so,  
Tis the truth that all women-kind is false;  
Urge it no more, it is impossible;  
Why should you think the Princessse light?

*Di.* Why she was taken at it.

*Phi.* Tis false, O heaven tis false : it cannot be,  
Can it? Speak Gentlemen, for love of truth speak;

1<sup>st</sup> possible? can women all be damn'd? *Di.* Why no, my Lord.

*Phi.* Why then it cannot be. *Di.* And she was taken with her boy.

*Phi.* What boy? *Di.* A Page, a boy that serves her.

*Phi.* Oh good gods, a little boy? *Di.* I know you him my Lord.

*Phi.* Hell and sinne, know him? sir, you are deceiv'd;

I'll reason it a little coldly with you;

If she were lustfull, would she take a boy,

That knowes not yet desire? she would have one

Should meet her thoughts, and knowes the sin he Acts,

Which is th' great delight of wickednesse;

You are abus'd, and so is she, and I. *Di.* How you, my Lord?

*Phi.* Why all the world's abus'd.

In an unjust report.

*Di.* Oh, noble sir, your vertues.

Cannot look into the subtil thoughts of woman.

In short my Lord, I took them: I my self.

*Phi.* Now all the devils thou didst' flie from my rage,

Would thou hadst tane devils ingendring plagues,

When thou didst take them, hide thee from my eyes,

Would thou hadst taken Thunder on thy breast,

When thou didst take them, or been stricken dumbe

For ever: that this foule deed might have slept in silence.

*Tra.* Have you known him so ill temper'd? *Cle.* Never before.

*Phi.* The winds that are let loose,

From the four severall corners of the earth,

And spread themselves all over sea and land,

Kisse not a chaste one. What friend beares a sword,

To runne me through?

*Di.* Why, my Lord, are you so mov'd at this?

*Phi.* When any fals from vertue I am distract,  
I have an interest in't.

*Di.* But good my Lord recall your selfe,

And thinke what's best to be done.

*Phi.* I thank you. I will do it;

Please you to leave me, I'll consider of it:

To morrow I will finde your lodging forth,

And give you answer.

The readiest way.

*Di.* All the gods direct you.

*Tra.* He was extream impatient.

*Cle.* It was his vertue and his noble minde.

*Exit Di. Cle. Tra.*

*Phi.*

*Phi.* I had forgot to ask him where he took them,

I'll follow him. O that I had a sea  
Within my brest, to quench the fire I feele;  
More circumstances will but fan this fire;  
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom  
This deed is done, then simply that tis done:  
And he that tels me this is honourable,  
As farre from lies, as she is farre from truth.  
O that like beasts, we could not grieve our selves,  
With that we see not; Bulls and Rams will fight,  
To keepe their females, standing in their sight;  
But take um from them, and you take at once  
Their spleenes a way; and they will fat again  
Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat,  
And taste the waters of the springs as sweet,  
As twas before, finding no start in sleepe.  
But miserable man, See, see you gods,  
He walkes still; and the face you let him weare.

*Enter Bellario.*

When he was innocent, is still the same,  
Not blasted; is this justice? Do you meane  
To intrap mortality, that you allow  
Treason so smoothe a brow? I cannot now  
Thinke he is guilty. *Bel.* Health to you my Lord;  
The Princesse doth commend her love, her life,  
And this unto you. *Phi.* Oh *Bellarion*:  
Now I perceive she loves me, she does shew it  
In loving thee my boy, she has made thee brave.

*Bel.* My Lord, she has attin'd me past my wish,  
Past my desert, more fit for her attendant,  
Though farre unfit for me, who do attend.

*Phi.* Thou art growne courtly boy. Oh let all women  
That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here,  
Here, by this paper, she does write to me,  
As if her heart were mines of adamant  
To all the world besides, but unto me;  
A maiden snow that melted with my lookes,  
Tel me my boy how doth the Princesse use thee?  
For I shall guesse her love to me by that?

*Bel.* Scarce like her servant, but as if I were  
Something allied to her; Or had preserv'd



Her life three times by my fidelity.

As mothers fond do use their onely sonnes?

As I'de use one, that's left unto my trust,

For whom my life should pay, if he met harme,

So she does use me. *Phi.* Why, this is wondrous well?

But what kind language does she feed thee with?

*Bel.* Why, she does tel me, she will trust my youth

With all her loving secrets; and does call me

Her pretty servant, bids me weep no more

For leaving you: shee'l see my services

Regarded; and such words of that soft straine,

That I am neerer weeping when she ends

Than ere she spake. *Phi.* This is much better still.

*Bel.* Are you ill my Lord?

*Phi.* Il? No *Bellarion*.

*Bel.* Me thinks your words

Fall not from off; your tongue so evenly,

Nor is there in your looks that quietnesse,

That I was wont to see *Phi.* Thou art deceiv'd boy:

And she strokes thy head? *Bel.* Yes.

*Phi.* And she does clap thy cheekes?

*Bel.* She does my Lord,

*Phi.* And she does kisse thee boy? ha; *Bel.* How my Lord

*Phi.* She kisses thee? *Bel.* Not so my Lord.

*Phi.* Come, come, I know she does. *Bel.* No by my life.

*Phi.* Why then she does not love me; come, she does,

I bad her do it; I charg'd her by all charmes

Of love between us, by the hope of peace

We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights

Naked, as to her bed: I took her oath

Thou should'st enjoy her: Tell me gentle boy,

Is she not parallellest? Is not her breath,

Sweet as *Arabian* winds, when fruits are ripe?

Are not her breasts two liquid Ivery balls?

Is she not all, a lasting Mine of joy?

*Bel.* I, now I see, why my disturbed thoughts

Were so perplext. When first I went to her

My heart held augury, you are abus'd,

Some villain has abus'd you; I do see

Where to you tend; fall rocks upon his head,

That put this to you; tis some subtle traine,  
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought

*Phi.* Thou think'st I will be angry with thee; Come  
Thou shalt know all my drift, I hate her more,  
Than I love happinesse, and plac'd thee there,  
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds;  
Hast thou discover'd; Is she false to lust,  
As I would wish her? Speak some comfort to me.

*Bel.* My Lord, you did mistake the boy you sent:  
Had she the lust of Sparrowes, or of Goates;  
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,  
Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid  
Her base desires; but what I came to know  
As servant to her, I would not reveale, to make my life last ages.

*Phi.* Oh my heart; this is a salve worse than the main disease.  
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least  
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart  
To know it; I will see thy thoughts as plaine.  
As I do now thy face. *Bell.* Why, so you do.

She is (for ought I know) by all the gods,  
As chaste as Ice; but were she foule as hell  
And I did know it, thus; the breath of Kings,  
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of Brasse,  
Should draw it from me. *Phi.* Then tis no time to dally with thee;  
I will take thy life, for I do hate thee; I could curse thee now.

*Bel.* If you doe hate you could not curse me worse;  
The gods have not a punishment in store,  
Greater for me, than is your hate.

*Phi.* Fie, fie, so young and so dissembling;  
Tell me when and where thou dost enjoy her,  
Or let plagues fall one me, if I destroy thee not.

*Bel.* Heaven knowes I never did: and when I lie  
To save my life; may I live long and loath'd.  
Hew me asunder, and whilst I can think,  
I'll love those peeces you have cut away,  
Better than those that grow: and kisse these limbes,  
Because you made um so.

*Phi.* Fearest thou not death?  
Can Boyes contemne that? *Bell.* Oh, what boy is he,  
Can be content to live to be a man

That sees the best of men thus passionate, thus without reason?

*Phi.* Oh, but thou dost not know what tis to die.

*Bel.* Yes, I do know my Lord ;

Tis lesse than to be borne, a lasting sheepe,

A quiet resting from all jealousie;

A thing we all persue; I know besides,

It is but giving over of a game, that must be lost.

*Phi.* But there are paines, false boy,

For perjur'd soules; thinke but on these, and then

Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

*Bel.* May they fall all upon me whilst I live,

If I be perjur'd or have ever thought

Of that you charge me with; if I be false,

Send me to suffer in those punishments you speake of; kill me.

*Phi.* Oh, what shoud I do?

Why, who can but belive him? He does sweare

So earnestly, that if it were not true,

The gods would not endure him. Rise *Bellario*.

Thy protestations are so deep; and thou

Dost look so truely, when thou uttrest them,

That though I know um false, as were my hopes,

I cannot urge thee further; but thou wert

To blame to injure me, for I must love

Thy honest lookes, and take no revenge upon

Thy tender youth; A love from me to thee

Is firme, what ere thou dost: It troubles me

That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,

That did so well become thee: But good boy

Let me not see thee more; something is done,

That will distract me, that will make me mad,

If I behold thee: if thou tender'st me,

Let me not see thee. *Bel.* I will fly as far

As there is morning, ere I give distaste

To that most honour'd mind. But through these tears

Shed at my hopeles parting, I can see

A world of treason practis'd upon you,

And her and me. Fare wel for evermore;

If you shall hear, that sorrow struck me dead,

And after finde me loyall, let there be

A tear shed from you in my memory.

And I shall rest at peace.

*Exit Bel.*

*Phi.*



*Phi.* Blessing be with thee,  
What ever thou deserv'st. Oh, where shall I  
Go bath thy body? Nature too unkind,  
That made no medicine for a rroubled mind. *Ex. Phi.*

*Enter Arethusa*

*Are.* I marveile my boy comes not back again;  
But that I know my love will question him  
Over and over; how I slept, wak'd, talk'd,  
How I remembred him when his dear name  
Was last spoke, and how, when I sigh'd, wept, sung,  
And ten thousand such: I should be angry at his stay.

*Enter King.*

*K.* What are your meditations? who attends you?

*Are.* None but my single selfe, I need no guard,  
I do no wrong, nor fear none.

*K.* Tel me: have you not a boy? *Are.* Yes sirs

*K.* What kind of boy? *Are.* A Page a waiting boy:

*K.* A handsome boy? *Are.* I think he be not ugly:

Well qualified, and dutifull, I know him,  
I took him not for beauty. *K.* He speakes, and sings, and playes?

*Are.* Yes sir. *K.* About eighteen?

*Are.* I never ask'd his age. *K.* Is he full of service?

*Are.* By your pardon, why do you aske? *K.* Put him away.

*Are.* Sir. *K.* Put him away, h'as done you that good service  
Shames me to speak of. *Are.* Good sir let me understand you.

*K.* If you feare me, shew it in duty; put away that boy.

*Are.* Let me have reason for it sir, and then

Your will is my command

*K.* Do not you blush to ask it? Cast him off,

Or I shall do the same to you. Y'are one

Shame with me, and so near unto my selfe,

That by my life, I dare not tell my selfe,

What you, my selfe have done. *Are.* What have I done my Lord?

*K.* T'is a new language, that all love to learn,

The common people speak it well already,

They need no Grammer; understand me well,

There be foule whispers stirring; cast him off!

And suddainly do it: Farewell. *Exit King.*

*Are.* Where may a maiden live securely free,

Keeping her honour safe? Not with the living,

They feed upon opinions, errours, dreames,  
 And make um truths: they draw a nourishment  
 Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces,  
 And when they see a vertue fortified  
 Strongly above the battry of their tongues;  
 Oh, how they cast to sink it, and defeated  
 (Soule sick with poyson) strike the Monuments  
 Where noble names lie sleeping: till they sweat,  
 And the cold Marble melt.

Enter *Philaster*

*Phi.* Peace to your fairest thoughts, dearest *Mistresse.*

*Arc.* Oh my dearest servant, I have a warre within me.

*Phi.* He must be more then man, that makes these *Christals*  
 Run into rivers; sweetest faire, the cause;  
 And as I am your slave, tied to your goodnesse,  
 Your creature made again from what I was.  
 And newly ipirited; He right your honours

*Arc.* Oh, my best love; that boy! *Phi.* What boy;

*Arc.* The pretty boy you gave me. *Phi.* What of him?

*Arc.* Must be no more mine. *Phi.* Why?

*Arc.* They are jealous of him. *Phi.* Jealous, who?

*Arc.* The King. *Phi.* Oh my fortune.

Then tis no idle jealousy. Let him go.

*Arc.* Oh cruell, are you hard hearted too?  
 Who shall now tell you, how much I loved you;  
 Who shall swear it to you, and weep the teares I send?  
 Who shall now bring your letters, rings, bracelets,  
 Lose his health in service? Wake tedious nights  
 In stories of your praise? Who shall sing  
 Your crying Elegies? And strike a sad soul  
 Into senselesse pictures, and make them mourn?  
 Who shall take up his Lute, and touch it, till  
 He crowne a silent sleep upon my eye-lid,  
 Making me dreame and cry, Oh my deare, deare *Philast.*

*Phi.* Oh my heart?

Would he had broken thee, that made thee know  
 This Lady was not loyall, *Mistresse*, forget  
 The boy, I'le get thee a far better,

*Arc.* Oh never, never such a boy again, as my *Bellarie.*

*Bell.* Tis but your fond affection.

*Arc.*

*Are.* With thee my boy, farewell for ever,  
All secrecy in servants : farewell faith  
And all desire to do well for it selfe :  
Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy wrongs,  
Sell, and betray chaste love.

*Phi.* And all this passion for a boy?

*Are.* He was your boy, and you put him to me,  
And the losse of such must have a mourning for.

*Phi.* O thou forgetfull woman. *Are.* How, my Lord?

*Phi.* False *Arethusa*!

Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,  
When I have lost um? If not, leave to talke, and do thus.

*Are.* Do what sir? would you sleep?

*Phi.* For ever *Arethusa*, Oh you gods,  
Give me a worthy patience; Have I stood  
Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes?  
Have I seene mischiefs numberlesse, and mighty  
Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken  
Danger as sterner as death into my bosome,  
And laught upon it, made it but a mirth,  
And slung it by? Do I live now like him,  
Under this tyrant King, that languishing  
Heares his sad bell, and sees his mourners? Do I  
Beare all this bravely? and must sinke at length  
Under a womans falshood? Oh that boy,  
That cursed boy? None but a villain boy, to ease your lust?

*Are.* Nay, then I am betray'd,  
I feel the plot cast for my overthrow; Oh I am wretched.

*Phi.* Now you may take that little right I have  
To this poore Kingdome; give it to your Joy,  
For I have no joy in it. Some farre place,  
Where never woman kind durst set her foot,  
For bursting with her poysons, must I seeke,  
And live to curse you;  
There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts,  
What woman is, and help to save them from you.  
How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts,  
More hell then hell has; how your tounge like Scorpions,  
Both heal and poyson; how your thoughts are woven  
With thousand changes in one subtle webbe,



And worne so by you. How that foolish man,  
That reads the story of a womans face,  
And dies helieving it, is lost for ever.  
How all the good you have, is but a shadow,  
I'ch morning with you, and at night behind you,  
Past and forgotten. How your vows are frosts,  
Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone.  
How you are, being taken altogether,  
A meere confusion, and so dead a *(chaos,*  
That love can not distinguish. These sad Texts  
Til my last houre, I am bound to utter of you?  
So farewell all my woe, all my delight. *Exit Phi.*

*Arc.* Be mercifull ye gods, and strike me dead;  
What way have I deserv'd this; Make my brest  
Transparent as pure Christall, that the world  
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought  
My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn her eyes,  
To finde out constancy? Save me, how black. *Enter Bell.*  
And guilty (me thinkes) that boy lookes now?  
Oh thou dissembler, that before thou speak'it  
Wert in thy cradle false? sent to make lies,  
And betray Innocents; thy Lord and thou,  
May glory in the ashes of a maid  
Foold by her passion; but the conquest is,  
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away,  
Let my command force thee to that, which shame  
Would do without it. If thou understood'it  
The loathed office thou hast undergone,  
Why thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hils,  
Least men should dig and finde thee. *Bell.* Oh what god  
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease  
Into the noblest minds? Madam this grieve  
You adde unto me is no more then drops  
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell;  
My Lord hath struck his anger through my heart,  
And let out all the hope of future joyes,  
You need not bid me fly, I came to part,  
To take my latest leave Farewell for ever;  
I durst not runne away in honesty,  
From such a Lady, like a boy that stole;

Or made some grievous fault; the power of gods  
Assist you in your sufferings; hasty time  
Reveale the truth to your abused Lord,  
And mine : That he may know your worth : whilst I  
Go seeke out some forgotten place to die. *Exit Bell.*

*Are.* Peace guide thee th'ast overthrowne me once,  
Yet if I had another *Troy* to lose,  
Thou or another villaine with thy lookes,  
Might talke me out of it, and send me naked,  
My haire dishevel'd through the fiery streets?

*Enter a Lady.*

*La.* Madam, the king would hunt, and calls for you.  
With earnestnesse, *Are.* I am in tune to hunt :  
*Diana* if thou canst rage with a maid,  
As with a man, let me discover thee  
Bathing, and turne me to a feareful Hinde,  
That I may die pursu'd by cruell hounds,  
And have my story written in my wounds.

*Exeunt.*

## Actus 4. Scena i.

*Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, Gallatea, Megra, Dion,  
Cleremont, Trasilin, and attendants.*

*K.* What are the hounds before, and all the woodmen?  
Our horses ready, and our bowes bent. *Di.* All sir.

*K.* Y'are cloudy sir, come we have forgotten.  
Your veniall trespassse, let not that sit heavy  
Upon your spirit, none dare utter it.

*Di.* He lookes like an old surfeited stallion after his leaping;  
dull as a dormouse : see how he sinks ; the wench has shot him be-  
tween wind and water, and I hope sprung a leak,

*Tra.* He needs no teaching, he strikes sure enough; his greatest  
fault is, he hunts too much in the purlues, would he would leaxe  
off poaching.

*Di.* And for his horne, has left it at the lodge where he lay late,  
Oh, hee's a precious lime-hound; turne him loose upon the pur-  
suite of a Lady, and if he loose her, hang him up i'th slip. V When  
my Foxbitch Beuty growes proud, I'll borrow him.

*K.* Is your boy turn'd away?

*Are.*

*Are.* You did command sir, and I obeyed you.

*K.* Tis wel done : Harke ye further.

*Cle.* Is't possible this fellow should repent? Me thinkes that were not noble in him : and yet he looks like a mortified member, as if he had a sick mans salve in's mouth. If a worse man had done this fault now, some physiciall Justice or other, would presently (without the helpe of an Almanack) have opened the obstructions of his liver, and let him bloud with a dog-whip.

*Di.* See, see, how modestly your Lady looks, as if she came from Churching with her neighbour; why, what a devil can a man see in her face, but that she's honest?

*Pha.* Troth no great matter to speak of, a foolish twinkling with the eye, that spoiles her coat; but he must be a cunning Herald that findes it.

*Di.* See how they muster one another! O theres a rank regiment where the devi I carries the Colours, and his Dam Drum-major, Now the world and the flesh come behind with the Carriage.

*Cle.* Sure this Lady has a good turne done her against her will : before she was common talke, now none dare say, Cantharides can stirre her, Her face looks like a warrant, wil ing and commanding all tongues, as they will answer it, to be tied up and bolted when this Lady means to let her selfe loose. As I live, she has got her a goodly protection, and a gracious; and may use her body discreetly, for her healths sake, once a week : excepting Lent and Dog-dayes : oh if they were to be got for money, what a great summe would come out of the City for these licenses?

*K.* To horse, to horse, we lose the morning Gentlemen. *Ex.*

*Enter two Woodmen.*

*1 Wood.* What have you lodged the Deere?

*2 Wood.* Yes, they are ready for the bow.

*1 Wood.* Who shoots? *2 Wood.* The Princeesse.

*1 Wood.* No shee'l hunt,

*2 Wood.* Shee'l take a stand I say:

*1 Wood.* Who else?

*2 Wood.* Why the young starnger Prince :

*1 Wood.* He shall shoot in a stone bow for me. I never lov'd his beyond-sea-ship, since he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings: he was there at the fall of a Deere, and would needs (out of his mightinesse) give ten groats for the Dowcers; marry the steward would have had the velvet head into the bargain, to tuff his hat withall:



withall: I thinke he should love venery, he is an old fir *Tristram*, for if you be remembred, he forsook the Stagge once, to strike a rascall milking in a medow, & her he kild in the eye. Who shoots else? 2 *Wood*. The Lady *Gallatea*.

1 *Wood*. That's a good wench, and she would not chide us for tumbling of her women in the brakes. Shee's liberall, and by my Bow they say shee's honest, and whether that be a fault, I have nothing to do. There's all? 2 *Wood*. No, one more *Megra*.

1 *Wood*. That's a firker I faith boy; There's a wench will ride her haunces as hard after a kennel of hounds, as a hunting saddle; and when she comes home, get um clapt, and all is well againe. I have known her lose her selfe three times in one afternoon (if the woods had been answerable) and it has been worke enough for one man to finde her, and he has sweat for it. She rides well, and she payes well. Hark, let's go. *Exeunt*. Enter *Philaster*.

*Phi* Oh, that I had been nourished in these woods  
 VVith milke of Goats, and Akrons, and not known  
 The right of crownes, nor the dissembling traines  
 Of womens looks; but dig'd my selfe a Cave,  
 VVhere I, my Fire, my Cattel, and my bed  
 Might have been shut together in one shed;  
 And then had taken me some mountain girle,  
 Beaten with winds chaft as the hardened rocks  
 Whereon she dwells; that might have strewed my bed  
 With leaves, and reeds, and with the skinnies of beasts  
 Our neighbours; And have borne at her big breasts  
 My large course issue. This had been a life free from vexation.

Enter *Bellario*.

*Bell*. Oh wicked men!

An innocent may walke safe among beasts,  
 Nothing assaults me here. See, my griev'd Lord,  
 Sits as his soule were searching out a way,  
 To leave his body. Pardon me that must  
 Break thy last commandement; For I must speak;  
 You that are griev'd can pittie; heare my Lord,

*Phi*. Is there a creature yet so miserable,  
 That I can pittie? *Bell*. Oh my noble Lord,  
 View my strange fortune, and bestow on me,  
 According to your bounty (if my service  
 Can merit nothing) so much as may serve

# P H I L A S T E R.

To keepe that little piece I hold of life  
From cold and hunger. *Phi.* Is it thou? be gone:  
Go tell those misbeseeming cloaths thou wear'st.  
And feed thy selfe with them.

*Bel.* Alas, my Lord. I can get nothing for them:  
The silly Countrey people think 'tis treason  
To touch such gay things. *Phi.* Now by my life this is.  
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight,  
Th'art false again to thy dissembling trade?  
How should'st thou thinke to cozen me againe:  
Remaines there yet a plague untride for me.  
Even so thou wept'st it and spok'st when first  
I took thee up; curse on the time. If thy  
Commanding teares can work on any other,  
Use thy art, Ile not betray it. Which way  
Wilt thou take, that I may shun thee;  
For thine eyes are poyson to mine; and I  
Am loth to grow in rage. This way, or that way?

*Bel.* Any will serve. But I will chuse to have  
That path in chafe that leads unto my grave.

*Exit Phi. Bel. severally.*

*Enter Dion and the Woodmen.*

*Di.* This is the strangest sudden change! You Woodman.

*1 Wood.* My Lord *Dion.*

*Di.* Saw you a Lady come this way, on a sable horse stubbed with  
with starres of white? *2 Wood.* Was she not young and tall?

*Di.* Yes; Rode she to the wood, or to the plaine?

*2 Wood.* Faith my Lord we saw none. *Exis. Woodmen.*

*Enter Cleremont.*

*Di.* Pox of your questions then. What, is she found?

*Cle.* Nor will be I thinke.

*Di.* Let him seeke his daughter himselfe; she cannot stray about  
a little necessary naturall businesse, but the whole Court must be  
in Armes; when she has done, we shall have peace.

*Cle.* Theres already a thousand fatherlesse tales amongst us;  
some say her horse run away with her: some a Wolfe persued her;  
others, it was a plot to kill her; and that armed men were seene  
in the Wood: but questionlesse, she rode away willingly.

*Enter King and Trasiline.*

*K.* Where is she? *Cle.* Sir. I cannot tell.

*K.* How

*K.* How is that? answer me so again, *Cle. Sir*, shall I lie?

*K.* Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell me that;

I say again, where is she? Mutter not;

*Sir*, speak you where is she? *Di. Sir*, I do not know.

*K.* Speak that again so boldly, and by heaven

It is thy last. You fellowes answer me,

Where is she? Mark me all, I am your King.

I wish to see my daughter, shew her me,

I do command you all, as you are subjects,

To shew her me, what am I not your King?

If I, then am I not to be obeyed?

*Di.* Yes, if you command things possible and honest.

*K.* Things possible and honest. Heare me, thou,  
Thou traytor, that dar'st confine thy King to things  
possible and honest; shew her me,

Or let me perish, if I cover not all *Cicily* with blood.

*Di.* Indeed I cannot, unlesse you tel me where she is.

*K.* You have betray'd me, y'have let me lose

The Jewel of my life, go; bring her me,

And set her before me; tis the King

Will have it so, whose breath can still the winds,

Uncloud the Sunne, charme down the swelling Sea,

And stop the fouds of heaven; speak, can it not? *Di. No.*

*K.* No, Cannot the breath of Kings do this;

*Di.* No; nor smell sweet it selfe, if once the lungs  
Be but corrupted. *K.* Is it so? Take heed.

*Di.* Sir, take you heed; how you dare the powers

That must be just. *K.* Alas, what are we Kings?

Why do you gods place us above the rest;

To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we

Believe we hold within our hands your thunder;

And when we come to try the power we have,

There's not a lease shakes at our threatnings.

I have sinn'd tis true, and here stand to be punish'd;

Yet would not thus be punish'd let me chuse

My way and lay it on.

*Di.* He articles with the gods; would some body would draw  
bonds, for the performance of covenants betwixt them.

Enter *Pha. Gallatea*, and *Megra*.

*K.* What, is she found? *Pha.* No, we have tane her horse.



He gallopt empty by : there's some treason;  
You *Gallatea* rode with her into the wood; why left you her?

*Gal.* She did command me. *K.* Command! you should not.

*Gal.* T'would ill become my fortunes, and my birth  
To disobey the daughter of my King.

*K.* Y'are all cunning! to obey us for our hurt,  
But I will have her. *Phi.* If I have her not,  
By this hand there shall be no more *Cicily*.

*Di.* What will he carry it to *Spain* in's pocket?

*Phi.* I will not leave one man alive, but the King,  
A Cook and a Taylor.

*Di.* Yet you may do well to spare your Ladies bed-fellow, and  
her you may keep for a Spawner.

*K.* I see the injuries I have done must be reveng'd.

*Di.* Sir, this is not the way to find her out.

*K.* Run all, disperse your selves : the man that finds her,  
Or (if she be kild) the traitor; I'll make him great,

*Di.* I know some would give five thousand pounds to find her.

*Phi.* Come let us seek.

*K.* Each man a sev'ral way here I my selfe.

*Di.* Come Gentlemen we here.

*Cle.* Lady you must go search too,

*Meg.* I had rather be search'd my selfe.

*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter *Arch.*

*Arch.* Where am I now? Feet find me out a way,  
Without the counsell of my troubled head,  
I'll follow you boldly about these woods,  
O're mountains, thorow brambles, pits, and foulds :  
Heaven I hope will ease me. I am sick.

Enter *Bellario*.

*Bel.* Yonder's my Lady; Heaven knows I want nothing.  
Because I do not wish to live, yet I  
Will try her charity. O heare, you that have plenty,  
From that flowing store, drop some on dry ground; see,  
The lively red is gone to guard her heart;  
I fear she faints, Madam look up, she breaths not;  
Open once more those rosie twins, and send  
Unto my Lord, your latest farewell; Oh, he stirs :  
How is it Madam? Speak comfort.

*Arch.* Tis not gently done.

To put me in a miserable life.

And hold me there; I pray thee let me go,  
I shall do best without thee; I am well.

Enter *Philaster*?

*Phi.* I am too blame to be so much in rage,  
I'll tell her coolly, when and where, I heard  
This killing truth. I will be temperate  
In speaking, and as just in hearing.

Oh monstrous! Tempt me not you gods, good gods  
Tempt not a fraile man, what's he, that has a heart,  
But he must ease it here?

*Bell.* My Lord, help, the Princess.

*Are.* I am well, forbear.

*Phi.* Let me love lightning, let me be embrac'd  
And kist by Scorpions, or adore the eyes  
Of Basilisks, rather than trust to tongues  
And shrink these veines up; stick me here a stone  
Lasting to ages in the memory  
Of this damned act. Heare me you wicked ones.  
You have put the hills on fire into this breast,  
Not to be quench'd with teares; for which may guilt  
Sit on your bosomes; at your meales, and beds.  
Despaire await you: what, before my face?  
Poyson of Aspes between your lips; Diseases  
Be your best issues; Nature make a curse  
And throw it on you.

*Are.* Dear *Philaster*, leave  
To be enrag'd, and haer me. *Phi.* I have done;  
Forgive my passion, not the calmed sea,  
When *Eolus* locks up his windy brood,  
Is lesse disturb'd than I, I'll make you know it.

Deare *Arcthusa*, do but take this sword,  
And search how temperate a heart I have;  
Then you and this your boy, may live and raigne  
In lust without controule; Wilt thou *Bellario*?  
I prethee kill me; thou art poor, and maist  
Nourish ambitious thoughts, when I am dead:  
This way were freer; Am I raging now?  
If I were mad I should desire to live;  
Sirs, feel my pulse; whether have you known  
A man in a more equal tune to die?

*Bell.* Alas my Lord, your pulse keeps madmans time,  
So does your tongue.

*Phi.* You will not kill me then?

*Ar.* Kill you? *Bel.* Not for a world.

*Phi.* I blame not thee,

*Belario;* thou hast done but that, which gods  
Would have transformed themselves to do; be gone,  
Leave me without reply; this is the last  
Of all our meeting. Kill me with this sword;  
Be wise, or worse will follow: we are two.  
Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do, or suffer.

*Are.* If my fortune be so good to let me fall  
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.

Yet tell me this, will there be no slaunders,  
No jealousies in the other world, no ill there? *Phi.* No.

*Are.* Shew me then the way. *Phi.* Then guide  
My feeble hand, you that have power to do it,  
For I must performe a pece of Justice. If your youth  
Have any way offended heaven, let prayers  
Short and effectual reconcile you to it,

*Are.* I am prepared. Enter a Countrey fellow.

*Comm.* I'll see the King if he be in the forrest, I have hunted him  
these two hours; if I should come home and not see him my sisters  
would laugh at me; I can see nothing but people better horst  
than my selfe, that out ride me; I can hear nothing but shouting.  
These Kings had need of good braines, this whooping is able to  
put a mean man out of his wits. There's a Courier with his sword  
drawn, by this hand upon a woman, I think,

*Phi.* Are you at peace? *Are.* With heaven and earth.

*Phi.* May they divide thy soul and body?

*Comm.* Hold dastard, strike a woman! th'art a craven. I warrant  
thee, thou wouldest be loth to play halfe a dozen of venies at wa-  
sters with a good fellow for a broken head.

*Phi.* Leave us good friend.

*Are.* What ill bred man art thou, to intrude thy selfe  
Upon our private sports, our recreations.

*Comm.* God ods, I understand you not, but I know the rogue  
has hurt you. *Phi.* Pursue thy own affairs: it will be ill  
To multiply bloud upon my head; which thou wilt force me to.

*Comm.* I know not your Rhetorick, but I can lay it on if you  
touch the woman. *they fight.*

*Phi.* Slave, take what thou deservest.

*Are.* Heavens guard my Lord. *Comm.* Oh do you breath?

*Phi.*



*Phi.* I hear the tread of people: I am hurt.  
The gods take part against me, could this Boore  
Have held me thus else? I must shift for life,  
Though I do loath it. I would finde a course,  
To lose it, rather by my will than force. *Exit Philaster.*

*Conn.* I cannot follow the rogue. I pray thee wench come and  
kisse me now.

*Enter Phara, Disn, Cle. Trafi. and Woodmen.*

*Pha.* What art thou?

*Conn.* Almost kild I am for a foolish woman; a knave has hurt her.

*Pha.* The Princeesse Gentlemen! Where's the wound Madam?  
*Is it dangerous?* *Are.* He has not hurt me.

*Conn.* I faith she lies, has hurt her in the breast, look else.

*Pha.* O sacred spring of innocent blood.

*Di.* Tis above wonder! who should dare this? *Are.* I felt it not.

*Pha.* Speak villain, who has hurt the Princeesse?

*Conn.* Is it the Princeesse? *Di.* I.

*Conn.* Then I have seen something yet.

*Pha.* But who has hurt her?

*Conn.* I told you a rogue I ne're saw him before, I.

*Phi.* Madam who did it?

*Are.* Some dishonest wretch, alas I know him not,

And do forgive him.

*Conn.* He's hurt too, he cannot go far, I made my fathers old  
fox lie about his eares, *Pha.* How will you have me kill him?

*Are.* Not at all, tis some distracted fellow.

*Pha.* By this hand, Ile leave neer a price of him bigger than a  
nut, and bring him all in my hat, *Are.* Nay, good Sir,

If you do take him, bring him quick to me,

And I will study for a punishment,

Great as his fault. *Pha.* I will. *Are.* But swear.

*Pha.* By all my love I will: Woodmen conduct the Princeesse  
to the King, and bear that wounded fellow to dressing; Come  
Gentlemen, we'll follow the chase close.

*Exit Are, Pha. Di. Cle. Tra. & 1 Woodman.*

*Conn.* I pray you friend let me see the King:

2 Wood That you shall, and receive thanks. *Exeunt.*

*Conn.* If I get clear with this, I'll go to see no more gay sights.

*Enter Bellario.*

*Bell.* A heaviness near death sits on my brow,

And

And I must sleep : Beare me thou gentle bank,  
 For ever if thou wilt : you sweet ones all,  
 Let me unworthy presse you : I could wish  
 I rather were a Coarse strewed ore with you,  
 Than quick above you. Dulnesse shuts mine eyes,  
 And I am giddy; Oh that I could take  
 So sound a sleep, that I might never wake.

Enter *Philaster*.

*Phi*. I have done ill, my conscience calls me false,  
 To strike at her, that would not strike at me :  
 When I did fight, my thought I heard her pray  
 The gods to guard me. She may be abus'd,  
 And I a loathed villaine : if she be,  
 She will conceale who hurt her; He has wounds,  
 And cannot follow, neither knows he me.  
 Whose this? *Bellario* sleeping? If thou beest  
 Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep  
 Should be so sound, and mine, whom thou hast wrong'd,  
 So broken : Hark I am pursued : you gods  
 I'll take this offer'd meanes of my escape :  
 They have no mark to know me, but my wounds,  
 If she be true, if false, let mischief light  
 On all the world at once. Sword, print my wounds  
 Upon this sleeping boy; I ha none I think  
 Are mortall, nor would I lay greater on thee.

*cry within.*

*wounds him.*

*Bel*. Oh death I hope is come, blest be that hand,  
 It meant me well; again, for pitie's sake.

*Phi*. I have caught my selfe,  
 The losse of blood hath stay'd my flight. Here, here  
 Is he that stroke thee : take thy full revenge,  
 Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than death:  
 I'll teach thee to revenge this lucklesse hand  
 Wounded the Princeesse, tell my followers,  
 Thou didst receive these hurts, in staying me,  
 And I will second thee : Get a reward.

*Phi. fals.*

*Bel*. Fly, fly my Lord and save your selfe. *Phi*. How's this?  
 Wouldst thou I should be safe? *Bel*. Else it were vaine  
 For me to live. These little wounds I have,  
 Ha not bled much, reach me that noble hand,  
 He help to cover you. *Phi*. Art thou true to me?

*Bel*. Or let me perish loath'd. Come my good Lord,

Creep

Creep in amongst those bushes, who does know  
But that the gods may save your (much lov'd) breath.

*Phi.* Then I shall die for griefe, if not for this,  
That I have wounded thee : what wilt thou do?

*Bell.* Shift for my selfe well : peace, I hear um come.

*Within.* Follow, follow, follow; that way they went.

*Bell.* With my own wounds I'll bloody my own sword.

I need not counterfeit to fall; Heaven knows,  
That I can stand no longer.

*Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline.*

*Phi.* To this place we have tract him by his blood.

*Cle.* Yonder, my Lord, creeps one away.

*Di.* Stay sir, what are you?

*Bell.* A wretched creature wounded in these woods.

By beasts; relieve me, if your names be men,  
Or I shall perish. *Di.* This is he my Lord,

Upon my soul that hurt her; tis the boy,

That wicked boy that serv'd her. *Phi.* O thou damn'd in thy cre-

What cause could'st thou shape to hurt the Princess? (ation)

*Bell.* Then I am betrayed. *Di.* Betrayed, no, apprehended.

*Bell.* I confesse;

Urge it no more, that big with evil thoughts

I set upon her, and did take my aime

Her death For charity let fall at once

The punishment you meane, and do not load

This weary flesh with tortures.

*Phi.* I will know who hire'd thee to this deed?

*Bell.* Mine own revenge. *Phi.* Revenge, for what?

*Bell.* It pleas'd her to receive

Me as her Page, and when my fortunes eb'd,

That men strid o're them carelessly, she did shewre

Her welcome graces on me, and did swell

My fortunes, till they overflowed their banks;

Threatning the men that crost um; when as swift

As stormes arise at sea, she turn'd her eyes

To burning Sunnes upon me, and did dry

The streames she had bestowed, leaving me worse

And more contemn'd than other little brooks,

Because I had been great : In short, I knew

I could not live, and therefore did desire



# P H I L A S T E R.

To die reveng'd. *Pha.* If tortures can be found,  
Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel  
The utmost rigour. *Philaster creeps out of a bush.*

*Cle.* Help to lead him hence.

*Phi.* Turn back you ravishers of Innocence,  
Know ye the price of that you bear away so rudely?

*Pha.* Who's that? *Di.* Tis the Lord *Philaster*.

*Phi.* Tis not the treasure of all Kings in one,  
The wealth of *Tagus*, nor the rocks of pearl,  
That pave the Court of *Neptune*, can weigh downe  
That vertue. It was I as hurt the Princeesse.

Place me, some god, upon a *Piramis*,  
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice  
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence,  
I may discourse to all the under-world,  
The worth that dwels in him. *Pha.* How's this?

*Bell.* My Lord, someman

Weary of life, that would be glad to die.

*Phi.* Leave these untimely courtesies *Bellarion*.

*Bell.* Alas he is mad, come will you lead me one?

*Phi.* By all the oathes that men ought most to keep:  
And gods do punish most, when men do break,  
He toucht her not. Take heed *Bellarion*,  
How thou dost drown the vertues thou hast shown  
With perjury. By all that's good 'twas I:  
You know she stood betwixt me and my right.

*Pha.* Thy own tongue be thy Judge. *Cle.* It was *Philaster*.

*Di.* Ist not a brave boy?

Well Sirs, I fear me we were all deceived.

*Phi.* Have I no friend here? *Di.* Yes.

*Phi.* Then shew it;

Some good body leed a hand to draw us neerer.  
Would you have teares shed for you when you die?  
Then lay me gentle on his neck that there  
I may weep flouds, and breath out my spirit:  
Tis not the wealth of *Plutus*, nor the gold  
Lockt in the heart of earth, can buy away  
This arm-full from me, this had been a ransom  
To have redeem'd the great *Augustus Caesar*.  
Had he been taken, you hard-hearted men,

More

P H I L A S T E R.

More Rony then these Mountains, can you see  
Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your flesh  
To stop his life? To bind whose better wounds,  
Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their tears.  
Bath um. Forgive me, thou that art the wealth of poor *Philaster*.

Enter *King, Arethusa, and a guard.* *K.* Is the villaine tane?  
*Pha.* Sir, here be two, confesse the deed, but say it was *Philaster*.

*Phi.* Question it no more, it was.

*K.* The fellow that did fight with him will tell us.

*Are.* Ay me, I know he will. *K.* Did not you know him?

*Are.* Sir, if it was he, he was disguised.

*Phi.* I was so, Oh my stars! that I should live still.

*K.* Thou ambitious fool,

Thou that hast laid a traine for thy own life;  
Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk, bear him to prison.

*Are.* Sir, they did plot together to talke hence  
This harmlesse life, should it passe unreveng'd,  
I should to earth go weeping; grant me then,  
(By all the love a father bears his child)  
Their custodies, and that I may appoint  
Their tortures and their death,

*Di.* De ath? soft, our law will not reach that, for this fault.

*K.* Tis granted, take um to you, with a guard.  
Come Princely *Pharamond*, this businesse past,  
We may with more security, go on to your inrended match. (ple.  
*Cle.* I pray that this action lose not *Phil.* the hearts of the peo-  
*Di.* Fear it not, their overwise heads will think it but a trick.

*Finis Actus quarti.*

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Actus quintus. Scena prima.*

Enter *Dion, Cleremond, and Trasiline.*

*Tra.* Has the King sent for him to death?

*Di.* Yes, but the King must know, ti's not in his power to war  
with heaven.

*Cle.* We linger time, the King sent for *Philaster* and the head-  
man an hour ago. *Tra.* Are all his wounds well?

*Di.* All they were but scratches, but the losse of blood made him  
faint. *Cle.* We dally Gentlemen. *Tra.* A way.

*Di.* Wee'l scuffle hard before he perish.

*Exeunt.*

P H I L A S T E R.

Enter *Philaster, Arethusa, Bellario.*

*Are.* Nay dear *Philaster* grieve not, we are well.

*Bell.* Nay good my Lord forbear, we are wondrous well.

*Phi.* Oh *Arethusa*! O *Bellario*! leave to be kind:

I shall be shot from heaven, as now from earth,

If you continue so; I am a man,

Falsely a pair of the most trusty ones

That ever earth bore, can it bear us all?

Forgive and leave me; but the King hath sent

To call me to my death, oh shew it me,

And then forget me: And for thee my boy,

I shall deliver words will mollifie

The hearts of beasts, to spare thy innocence.

*Bell.* Alas my Lord, my life is not a thing

Worthy your noble thoughts; tis not a life,

Tis but a peice of child-hood thrown away:

Should I out-live, I should then out-live

Vertue and honour. And when that day comes,

If ever I shall close these eyes but once,

May I live spotted for my perjury,

And waste my limbs to nothing.

*Are.* And I (the woful maid as ever was.

Forc'd with my hands to bring my Lord to death)

Do by the honour of a Virgin swear,

To tell no hours beyond it. *Phi.* Make me not hared so.

*Are.* Come from this prison, all joyfull to our deaths.

*Phi.* People will teare me when they finde you true.

To such a wretch as I; I shall die loath'd.

Injoy your Kingdomes peaceably, whil'ft I

For ever sleep forgotten with my faults,

Every just servant, every maid in love

Will have a peice of me if you be true.

*Are.* My dear Lord say not so. *Bell.* A peice of you?

He was not borne of women that can cut it and look on:

*Phi.* Take me in teares betwixt you,

For my heart will break with shame and sorrow.

*Are.* Why tis well. *Bell.* Lament no more.

*Phi.* What would you have done

If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found

My life no price, compar'd to yours? For love Sirs,



Deal with me truly.

*Bell.* Twas mistaken, sir : *Phi.* Why if it were.

*Bel.* Then sir we would have ask'd you pardon.

*Phi.* And have hope to enjoy it? *Are.* Injoy it? I.

*Phi.* Would you indeed? be plain. *Bel.* We would my Lord.

*Phi.* Forgive me then. *Are.* So, so.

*Bel.* Tis as it should be now. *Phi.* Lead to my death. *Exeunt.*

*Enter King, Dion, Cleremond, Trasiline.*

*K.* Gentlemen, who saw the Prince?

*Cle.* So please you sir, he's gone to see the City,  
And the new platforme, with some Gentlemen

Attending on him. *K.* Is the Princeesse ready

To bring her prisoner out? *Tra.* She waits your Grace.

*K.* Tell her we stay.

*Di.* King, you may be deceiv'd yet.

The head you aime at cost more setting on  
Then to be lost so slightly : If it must off  
Like a wild overflow, that soops before him  
A golden Stack. and with it shakes down Bridges,  
Cracks the strong hearts of Pines, whose cable roots  
Held out a thousand storms, a thousand thunders,  
And so made mightier, takes whole villages  
Upon his back, and in that heat of pride,  
Charges strong Townes, Towers, Castles, Pallaces,  
And layes them desolate : so shall thy head,  
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands  
That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,  
In thy red ruines.

*Enter Philaster, Aretbusa, Bellario in a robe and Gvrland.*

*K.* How now, what Mask is this?

*Bel.* Right rayall sir, I should

Sing you an Epithalamium of these lovers,  
But havine lost my best ayres with my fortunes,  
And wanting a celestiall harp to strike  
This blessed union on; thus in glad story  
I give you all. These two fair Cedar branches,  
The noblest of the Mountain, where they grew  
Straightest and tallest, under whose still shades  
The worthier beasts have made their layers, and slept  
Free from the Syrian Star, and the fell thunder-stroke

Free from the Clouds, when they were big with humour,  
 And deliverd in thousand spouts, their issues to the earth:  
 O there was none but silent quiet there!  
 Till never pleas'd fortune, shot up shrubs.  
 Base under brambles to divorce these branches;  
 And for a while they did so, and did raig  
 Over the Mountaine, and choakt up his beauty,  
 With Brakes, rude Thornes and Thistles, till thy Sun  
 Scorcht them even to the roots, and dried them there:  
 And now a gentle gale hath blown again  
 That made these branches meet, and twine together,  
 Never to be divided : The god that sings  
 His holy numbers over marriage beds,  
 Hath knit their noble hearts, and here they stand  
 Your children mighty King, and I have done. K. How, how?

*Are.* Sir, if you love it in plain truth.  
 For there is no masking in't; This Gentleman  
 The prisoner that you gave me is become  
 My keeper, and through all, the bitter throwes  
 Your jealousies, and his ill fate have wrought him,  
 Thus nobly hath he strangled, and at length  
 Arriv'd here my dear husband.

K. Your dear husband call in  
 The Captain of the Cittadell; There you shall keep  
 Your wedding. I'll provide a Masque shall make  
 Your Hy men turn his saffron into a sullen coat  
 And sing sad Requiems to your departing souls:  
 Bloud shall put out your Torches, and instead  
 Of gandy flowers about your wanton necks;  
 An ax shall hang like a prodigious Meteor  
 Ready to crop your loves sweets. Heare you gods :  
 From this time do I shake all title off,  
 Of Father to this woman, this base woman,  
 And what there is of vengeance, in a Lion  
 Cast amongst dogs, or rob'd of his deare young,  
 The same inforc't more terrible, more mighty,  
 Expect from me. *Are.* Sir,

By that little life I have left to swear by,  
 There's nothing that can stirre me from my selfe.  
 What I have done, I have done without repentance,

For death can be no Bug-bear unto me,  
So long as *Pharamond* is not my headf-man.

*Di.* Sweet peace upon thy soul, thou worthy maid  
VVhen ere thou dyest; for this time I'll excuse thee,  
Or be thy Prologue. *Phi.* Sir, let me speak next,  
And let my dying words be better with you  
Thou my dull living actions; if you aime  
At the deare life of this sweet Innocent,  
Y'are a Tyrant, and a savage Monster;  
Your memory shall be as foul behind you  
As you are living, all your better deeds  
Shall be in water writ, but this in Marble:  
No Chronicle shall speak you, though your own,  
But for the shame of men, No Monument  
(I though high and big as *Pelion*) shall be able  
To cover this base murder, make it rich  
VVith Brasse, with purest Gold, and shining Jasper,  
Like the Pyramides, lay on Epitaphs,  
Such as make great men gods; my little marble  
(That onely cloaths my ashes, not my faults)  
Shall farre out shine it: And for after issues  
Thinke not so madly of the heavenly wisedomes,  
That they will give you more, for your mad rage  
To cut off; unlesse it be some snake, or something  
Like your selfe, that in his birth shall strangle you.  
Remember my father King, there was a fault,  
But I forgive it: let that sin perswade you  
To love this Lady. If you have a soule,  
Thinke, save her, and be saved, for my selfe,  
I have so long expected this glad houre.  
So languisht under you, and daily withered,  
That heaven knows it is my joy to dye,  
I find a recreation in't

*Enter a messenger.*

*Mess.* VVhere's the King? *K.* Here?

*Mess.* Get you to your strength,

And rescue the Prince *Pharamond* from danger,

Hee's taken prisoner by the Citizens.

Fearing the Lord *Philaster*. *Di.* Oh brave followers;

Muteny, my fine dear Countrey-men, muteny,

Now



# P H I L A S T E R.

Now my brave valiant foremen, shew your weapons,  
In honour of your Mistresses. Enter another Messenger.

*Mess.* Arme, arme, arme. *K.* A thousand devils take um?

*Di.* A thousand Blessings on um.

*Mess.* Arme O King, the City is in mutiny,  
Led by an old gray Ruffin, who comes on  
In rescue of the Lord *Philaster*. Exit with *Are. Phi. B. ll.*

*K.* Away to the Cittadell, I'le see them safe,  
And then cope with these Burgers: Let the guard  
And all the Gentlemen give strong attendance. Exit. King.

*Manent Dion, Cleremond, Trasiline.*

*Cle.* The City up, this was above our wishes.

*Di.* I and the marriage too; by my life,  
This noble Lady has deceiv'd us all, a plague upon my self, a thou-  
sand plagues, for having such unworthy thoughts of her dear hon-  
our: O I could beat my selfe, or do you beat me and I'le beat you  
for we had all one thought. *Cle.* No, no, twill but lose time.

*Di.* You say true, are your swords sharp? Well my dear Coun-  
treymen, what ye lack, if you continue and fall not back upon the  
first broken shin, I'le have you chronicled and chronicled, and cut  
and chronicled and all to be prais'd, and sung in sonnets, & bath'd  
in new brave Ballads, that all tongues shall trouble you in *Sacula*  
*Saculorum* my kind Can-carriers.

*Tra.* What if a toy take um ith'heels now, and they run all a-  
way, and cry the Devill take the hindmost.

*Di.* Then the same devill take the foremost too, & sowce him for  
his breakfast; if they all prove Cowards, my curses fly among them  
and be speeding May they have Murriens raigin to keep the gentle-  
men at home unbound in easie freez: May the moths branch their  
Velvets, and their Silkes only be worne before sore eyes. May their  
falsse lights undo um, and discover prestes, holes, stains, and old-  
nesse in their Stuffles, and make them shoprid: May they keep  
Whores and horses, and break; and live mued up with necks of  
Beef and Turnups: May they have many children, and none like  
the Father: May they know no language but that gibberish they  
prattle to their Parcells, unlesse it be the goarish Latine they write  
in their bonds, and may they write that falsse, and lose t heir debts.

*Enter the King.*

*K.* Now the vengeance of all the gods consonnd them; how they  
swarm together! what a hum they raise! Devils choak your wilde  
throats

# P H I L A S T E R.

throats; If a man had need to use their valours, he must pay a Bro-  
kage for it, and then bring um on, they will fight like sheep. Tis  
*Philaster*, none but *Philaster* must allay this heat : They will not  
hear me speak, but sling durt at me, and call me Tyrant. Oh run  
dear friend, and bring the Lord *Philaster* : speak him faire, call  
him Prince, do him all the courtesie you can, commend me to him.  
Oh my wits, my wits! *Exit Clerimond.*

*Di.* Oh my brave Countrey-men! as I live, I will not buy a pin  
out of your walls for this; Nay, you shall cozen me, and I'll thank  
you, and send you Brawn and Bacon, and soile you every long va-  
cation a brace of foremen, that at *Michaelmas* shall come up fat  
and kicking.

*K.* What they will do with this poore Prince, the gods know,  
and I feare.

*Di.* Why Sir: they'll flea hiw, and make Church Buckets on's  
skin to squench rebellion, then clap a rivet in's sconce, and hang  
him up for a signe. *Enter Cleremond with Phil st. r.*

*K.* O worthy sir forgive me, do not make  
Your miseries and my faults meet together,  
To bring a greater danger. Be your selfe,  
Still sound amongst diseases, I have wrong'd you,  
And though I finde it last, and beaten to it,  
Let first your goodnesse know it. Calme the people,  
And be what you were borne to : take your love,  
And with her my repentance, and my wishes,  
And all my prayers, by the gods my heart speaks this :  
And if the least fall from me not perform'd,  
May I be strook with thunder. *Phi.* Mighty Sir,  
I will not do your greatnesse so much wrong.

As not to make your word truth; free the Princessse,  
And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock  
Of this mad sea breach, which I'll either turne  
Or perish with it. *K.* Let your own word free them.

*Phi* Then thus I take my leave kissing your hand,  
Ang hanging on your royall word : be Kingly,  
And be noe moved Sir, I shall bring your peace,  
Or never bring my self back.

*K.* All the gods go with thee. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter an old Captain and Citizens with Pharamond.*

*Cap.* Come my brave Mirmidons, let's fall on, let our caps

Swarme

Swarme my boyes, and you nimble tongues forget your mothers  
 Gib-rish, of what do you lack, and set your mouths  
 Up Children, till your Pallats fall frighted halfe a  
 Fathome, past the cure of Bay-salt and grosse pepper,  
 And then cry *Philaster*, brave *Philaster*,  
 Let *Philaster* be deeper in request. My ding dong,  
 My paires of dear Indentures, King of Clubs,  
 Then your cold water Chamblets or your paintings  
 Spitted with Copper, let not your hasty Silkes,  
 Or your branch'd Cloth of Bodkin, or your Tishues,  
 Dearly belov'd of Spiced Cake and Custard.  
 Your Robin-hoods scarlets and Johns, tie your affections  
 In darknesse to your shops, no dainty Duckers  
 Up with your three pil'd spirits, your wrought valours.  
 And let your uncut Coller make the King feele  
 The measure of your mightinesse *Philaster*.  
 Cry my Rose nobles, cry. *All. Philaster, Philaster.*

*Cap.* How do you like this my Lord Prince, these are mad boys,  
 I tell you, these are things that will not strike their top-sayles  
 To a Foist. And let a man of war, An argosie hull and cry Cockels,

*Pha.* Why you rude slave, do you know what you do?

*Cap.* My Pretty Prince of Puppets, we do know  
 And give your greatnesse warning, that you talk  
 No more such Bugs-words, or that soldred Crown  
 Shall be scratch'd with a Musket: Dear Prince Pippen,  
 Down with your noble bloud; or as I live,  
 I'll have you codled: let him lose my spirits,  
 Make us a round Ring with your Bills my Hectors,  
 And let us see what this trim man dares do,  
 Now sir, have at you; here I it,  
 And with this swashing blow, do you swear prince;  
 I could hulke your grace, and hang you up crosse-leg'd,  
 Like a Hare at a Poulters, and do this with this wiper.

*Pha.* You will not see me murdred wicked Villaines?

*Ci.* Yes indeed wil we sir, we have not seen one foe a great while

*Cap.* He would have weapons would he? give him a broad side  
 my brave boyes with your pikes, branch me his skin in Flowers  
 like a Satin, and between every Flower a mortall cut, your Roy-  
 alty shall ravell, jag him Gentlemen I'll have him cut to the kell,  
 then down the seames, oh for a whip



# PHILASTER.

To make him galoone Laces,

I'll have a Coach-whip, *Phi.* O spare me Gentlemen.

*Cap.* Hold, hold, the man begins to fear and know himself,  
He shall for this time onely be seal'd up  
With a Feather through his nose, that he may onely see  
Heaven and think whither hee's going,  
Nay beyond-Sea sir, we will proclaim you, you would be King  
Thou tender Heire apparent to a Church-ale,  
Thou sleight Prince of single scarcenet;  
Thou royall Ring taile, fit to fly at nothing  
But poor mens Poultry, and have every Boy  
Beat thee rom that too with his Bread and Butter..

*Phi.* Gods keep me from these Hell-hounds

*2 Cit.* Shall's geld him Captain?

*Cap.* No, you shall spare his dowcets my dear Donseils,  
As you respect the Ladies let them flourish;  
The curses of a longing woman kills as speedy as a plague, Boys.

*1 Cit.* I'll have a leg that's certain. *2 Cit.* I'll have an arme.

*3 Cit.* I'll have his nose, & at mine own charge build a Colledge,  
and clap't upon the gate.

*4 Cit.* Ile have his little gut to string a Kit with,  
For certainly a royall Cut will soundlik silver.

*Phi.* Would they were in thy belly, and I past my pain once.

*5 Cit.* Good Captain let me have his Liver to feed Ferrets.

*Cap.* Who will have parcels else? speak

*Phi.* Good gods consider me, I shall be tortur'd.

*1 Cit.* Captain I'll give you the trimming of your hand-sword,  
and let me have his skin to make false Scabbards.

*2 Cit.* He had no hornes sir had he?

*Cap.* No sir, hee's a pollard, what would'st thou do with horns?

*2 Cit.* O if he had, I would have made rare Hafts and Whistles  
of um, but his shin bones if they be sound shall serve me.

*Enter Philaster.*

*All.* Long live *Philaster*, the brave Prince *Philaster*.

*Phi.* I thank you Gentlemen, but why are these  
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands  
Uncivill trades? *Cap.* My royall Rosiclear,  
We are thy Mimridons, thy Guard, thy Rorers,  
And when thy noble body is in durance,  
Thus do we clap our musky Murrians on,

And trace the streets in terrour; Is it peace  
Thou *Mars* of men? Is the King sociable,  
And bids thee livue Art thou above thy foemen,  
And free as *Phabus*? Speake, if not, this stand  
Of royall blood, shall be a broach, at h, and run  
Even to the lees of honour.

*Phi.* Hold and be satisfied, I am my selfe,  
Free as my thoughts are, by the gods I am.

*Cap.* Art thou the dainty darling of the King?  
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?  
Do the Lords bow, and the regarded scarlets,  
Kisse their Gumd gods, and cry, we are your servants?  
Is the Court Navigable, and the presence struck  
With Flags of friendship? if not, we are thy Castle.  
And this man sleeps.

*Phi.* I am what I do desire to be, your friend,  
I am what I was borne to be, your Prince.

*Pha.* Sir, there is some humanity in you,  
You have a noble soul, forget my name,  
And know my misery, set me safe aboard  
From these wilde *Canibals*, and as I live;  
I'll quit this Land for ever: there is nothing  
perpetuall prisonment, cold, hunger, sicknesse,  
Of all sorts, of all dangers, and altogether  
The worst company of the worst men, madnesse, age  
To be as many Creatures as a woman,  
And do as all they do, nay to dispaire;  
But I would rather make it a new Nature,  
And live with all those then endure one hour  
Amongst these wild dogs.

*Phi.* I do pittie you: Friends discharge your fears,  
Deliver me the Prince, I'll warrant you.  
I shall be old enough to find my safety.

3 *Cit.* Good sir take heed he does not hurt you,  
He's a fierce man I can tell you Sir.

*Capt.* Prince, by your leave, I'll have a sursingle,  
And make you like a hawke. *He stirres.*

*Phi.* A way, a way, there is no danger in him:  
Alas he had rather sleep to shake his fit off,  
Looke your friends, how gently he leads, upon my word

Hee's tame enough, he need no further watching.

Good my friends go to your houses & by me have your pardons,  
and my love,

And know there shall be nothing in my power

You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes.

To give you more thanks were to flatter you,

Continue still your love, and for an earnest

Drink this. *All.* Long maist thou live brave prince, brave prince,  
brave prince. *Exit Philaster and Pharamond.*

*Cap.* Thou art the King of Courtesie:

Fall off again my sweet youths, come and every man

Trace to his house again, and hang his pewter up, then to

The Tavern and bring your wives in Muffes we will have

Musick and the red grape shall make us dance, and rise Boys. *Ex.*

*Enter King, Arebusa, Gallatea, Megra, Cleremond, Dion, Trasiline, Bellario, and attendants.*

*K.* Is it appeas'd? *Di.* Sir, all is quiet as this dead of night,

As peaceable as sleep, my Lord *Philaster*,

Brings on the prince himselfe. *K.* Kind Gentlemen!

I will not break the least word I have given

In promise to him, I have heap'd a world

Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope

To wash away.

*Enter Philaster and Pharamond.*

*Cle.* My Lord is come.

*K.* My sonne!

Blest be the time that I have leave to call

Such vertue mine; now thou art in mine armes,

Me thinks I have a salve unto my brest

For all the stings that dwell there, streames of grief

That I have wrought thee, and as much of joy

That I repent it, issue from mine eyes:

Let them appease thee, take thy right; take her,

She is thy right too, and forget to urge

My vexed soul with that I did before.

*Phi.* Sir, it is blotted from my memory,

Past and forgotten: For you Prince of *Spaine*,

Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave

To make an honourable voyage home.

And if you would go furnish'd to your Realme

With fair provision, I do see a Lady



Me thinks would gladly bear you company :  
 How like you this piece? *Meg.* Sir, he likes it well;  
 For he hath tried it, and found it worth  
 His princely liking; we were tane a bed,  
 I know your meaning, I am not the first  
 That nature taught to seek a fellow forth;  
 Can shame remain perpetually in me,  
 And not in others? or have Princes salves  
 To cure ill names that meaner people want. *Phi.* What mean you?

*Meg.* You must get another ship  
 To cear the Princeesse and the boy together. *Di.* How now!

*Meg.* Others took me, and I took her and him  
 At that all women may be tane sometimes :  
 Ship us all four my Lord, we can indure  
 Weather and wind alike.

*K.* Clear thou thy self, or know not me for father  
*Are.* This earth, How false it is? what meanes is left for me  
 To clear my selfe? It lies in your belief,  
 My Lords believe me, and let all things else  
 Struggle together to dishonour me.

*BeK.* O stop your eares great King; that I may speak  
 As freedome would, then I will call this Lady  
 As base as be her actions, hear me sir,  
 Bel eve your hated bloud when it rebels  
 Against your reason sooner then this Lady.

*Meg.* By this good light he bears it handsomely.

*Phi.* This Lady? I will sooner trust the wind  
 With Feathers, or the troubled Sea with pearle,  
 Then her with any thing; believe her not!  
 Why think you, if I did believe her words,  
 I would outlive um : honour cannot take  
 Revenge on you, then what were to be known  
 But death? *K.* Forget her sir, since all is knit  
 Between us : but I must request of you  
 One favour, and will sadly be denied.

*Phi.* Command what ere it be.

*K.* Swear to be true to what you promise.

*Phi.* By the powers above;

Let it not be hedeath of her or him,  
And it is granted. *K.* Bear away that boy.

To torture, I will have her clear'd or buried.

*Phi.* O let me call my words back, worthy sir,  
Ask something else, bury my life and right  
In one poor grave, but do not take away my life and fame at once.

*K.* Away with him, it stands irrevocable.

*Phi.* Turn all your eyes on me, here stands a man  
The falsest and the basest of this world:  
Set swords against this breast some honest man,  
For I have liv'd till I am pitied,  
My former deeds are hateful, but this last  
Is pitifull, for I unwillingly  
Have given the dear preserver of my life  
Unto his torture: is it in the power      *Offers to kill himselfe.*  
Of flesh and blood, to carry this and live?

*Are.* D. ar sir be patient yet: or stay that hand. *K.* Sirs, strip that boy

*Di.* Come sir, your tender flesh will trie your constancie.

*Bel.* O kill me Gentlemen.      *Di.* No, help sirs.

*Bel.* Will you torture me? *K.* Hast there, why stay you?

*Bel.* Then I shall not break my vow,  
You know just Gods though I discover all.

*K.* Hows that? will he confesse?      *Di.* Sir, so he sayes.

*K.* Speak then.      *Bel.* Great King is your command  
This Lord to talke with me alone, my tongue  
Urg'd by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts  
My youth hath known, and stranger things then these.  
You hear not often.      *K.* Walke aside with him.

*Di.* Why speak'st thou not? *Bel.* Know you this face my Lord?

*Di.* No.      *Bel.* Have you not seene it, nor the like

*Di.* Yes, I have seen the like, but readily  
I know not where.      *Bel.* I have been often told

In Court, of one *Euphrasia*, a Lady  
And Daughter to you; betwixt whom and me  
(They that would flatter my bad face would swear)  
There was such strange resemblance, that we two  
Could not be known asunder, drest alike.

*Di.* By heaven and so there is. *Bel.* For her fair sake  
Who now doth spend the spring time of her life  
In holy Pilgrimage, move to the King,  
That I may scape this torture.      *Di.* But thou speak'st  
As like *Euphrasia* as thou dost look,

How came it to thy knowledge that she lives in Pilgrimage?

*Bel.* I know it not my Lord,  
But I have heard it, and do scarce believe it.

*Di.* Oh my shame, is't possible? Draw near,  
That I may gaze upon thee, art thou she.  
Or else her murderer? where wert thou born? *Bel.* In *Siracusa*.

*Di.* What's thy name? *Bell Euphrasia.* (died)

*Di.* O tis just, tis she now I do know thee, oh that thou hadst  
And I had never seen thee nor my shame,  
How shall I own thee? shall this tongue of mine  
Ere call thee Daughter more?

*Bell.* Would I had died indeed, I wish it too,  
And so I must have done by vow, ere published  
What I have told, but that there was no meanes  
To hide it longer, yet I joy in this,  
The Princeesse is all clear.

*K.* What have you done?  
*Di.* All is discovered. *Phi.* Why then hold you me,

*Di.* All is discovered, pray you let me go. *He offers to stab himselfe*

*K.* Stay him. *Are.* What is discovered?

*Di.* Why my shame, it is a woman, let her speak the rest.

*Phi.* How! that again. *Di.* It is a woman.

*Ph.* Blest be you powers that favour innocence.

*K.* Lay hold upon that Lady.

*Phi.* It is a woman Sir, hark Gentlemen.

It is a woman. *Arethusa* take

My soul into thy brest, that would be gone

With joy: it is a woman thou art fair,

And vertuous still to ages, in despite of malice.

*K.* Speak you, where lies his shame? *Bel.* I am his Daughter.

*Phi.* The gods are just. *Di.* I dare accuse none, but before you two  
The vertue of our age, I bend my knee

For mercy. *Phi.* Take it freely; for I know,

Though what thou didst were undiscrectly done,

Twas meant well. *Are.* And for me,

I have a power to pardon sinnes as oft

As any man has power to wrong me.

*Cle.* Noble and worthy. *Phi.* But *Bellario*,

(For I must call thee still so) tell me why

Thou didst conceale thy sex, it was a fault,

A fault: *Bellario*, though thy other deeds



Of truth out weigh'd it : All these Jealousies  
 Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discovered,  
 What now we know. *Bell.* My father would oft speak  
 Your worth and vertue, and as I did grow  
 More and more apprehensive, I did thirst  
 To see the man so rais'd, but yet all this  
 Was but a Maiden longing to be lost  
 As soon as found, till sitting in my window,  
 Printing my thoughts in Lawne, I saw a god  
 I thought (but it was you) enter our gates,  
 My blood flew out, and back again as fast  
 As I had puffed it forth, and sucked it in  
 Like breath, then was I cald away in haste  
 To entertain you. Never was a man  
 Heav'd from a sheep-coat, to a scepter rais'd  
 So high in thoughts as I, you left a kisse  
 Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep  
 From you for ever, I did hear you talk  
 Far above singing, after you were gone,  
 I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd  
 What stir'd it so, alas I found it love,  
 Yet farre from lust, for could I have but liv'd  
 In presence of you, I had had my end,  
 For this I did delude my noble Father  
 With a feign'd Pilgrimage, and dress'd my selfe  
 In habit of a boy, and for I knew  
 My birth no match for you, I was past hope  
 Of having you. And understanding well,  
 That when I made discovery of my sex,  
 I could not stay with you, I made a vow  
 By all the most religious things a Maid  
 Could call together, never to be known,  
 Whilst there was hope to hide me from mens eyes,  
 For other then I seem'd, that I might ever  
 Abide with you, then sate I by the Fount  
 Where first you took me up. *K.* Search out a match  
 Within our Kingdome where and when thou wilt  
 And I will pay thy dowry, and thy selfe  
 Wilt well deserve him. *Bell.* Never sir will I  
 Marry, it is a thing within my vow,

But if I may have leave to serve the Princesse,  
To see the vertues of her Lord and her,  
I shall have hope to live. *Are. I Phi'aster,*  
Cannot be jealous, though you had a Lady  
Drest like a Page to serve you, nor will I  
Suspect her living here, come live with me,  
Live free, as I do, she that loves my Lord,  
Curst be the wife that hates her.

*Phi.* I grieve such vertue should be laid in earth  
Without and Heire; hear me my royall Father,  
Wrong not the freedome of our souls so much,  
To think to take revenge of that base woman,  
Her malice cannot hurt us: set her free  
As she was born, saving from shame and sinne.

*K.* Set her at liberty, but leave the Court,  
This is no place for such, you *Pharamond*  
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home  
Worthy so great a Prince, when you come there,  
Remember twas your faults that lost you her,  
And not my purpos'd will. *Pha.* I do confesse,  
Renowned sir.

*K.* Last joyn your hands in one, enjoy *Phi'aster*  
This Kingdome which is yours, and after me  
What ever I call mine, my blessing on you,  
All happy hours be at your marriage joyes,  
That you may grow your selves over all lands,  
And live to see your plenteous branches spring  
Where ever there is Sunne, let Princes learn  
By this to rule the passions of their blood,  
For what Heaven wils, can never be withstood.

*Exeunt omnes.*

**F I N I S,**





Shakespeare. p. 3. 5. 35. 51. 58.

See Th. More. p. 8.

Milton . . p. 18.

Th. swallowed quick. 46.

P. 12. 20. 46.

P. 30. Parallelepiped.

P. 38. The say. a recall.

P. 44. Play Venies at wasters.

P. 52. Gornish Latin. Gothic.

P. 58. To a foist.

P. 61. my life, and rig. quare 'right'.

P. 5. L. and makes it nothing.

P. 6. bugs.

P. 7. tenant. . . Recruit. J.

P. 16. Short in a Letter. 1. a stand. 2. a small tree. 3. a steel bow. J.

P. 32. This honest.

P. 39. l. Stage. milking. i.e. cooking. J.

P. 44. at Masters. i.e. cudgels.

P. 48. old fox. i.e. sword.

P. 58. Spotted. J.

— a foist. a small vessel.

— To hull. . . Milton. P. L.

P. 57. I have his Dorsetts.

— musty mureous. l. rusty.

P. 58. Garnet galls. i.e. hands.

— and make you like a Hawke.

df







